

Magazine

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# The Critic

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## Literature

### Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times

By George Haven Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN THESE DAYS of active discussion upon the nature of literary property, the historical side of the subject comes to possess a fresh interest. Legislation for the protection of the author is of comparatively recent origin; but in this as in other manifestations of political and social life, present achievements have grown out of past conditions, and can be well understood only when the successive stages of development have been traced. Very opportune, therefore, is the appearance of Mr. Putnam's book on "Authors and their Public in Ancient Times." The scope of the volume is stated in the sub-title—"a sketch of literary conditions and of the relations with the public of literary producers from the earliest times to the invention of printing." We learn from the preface that the book "as originally written" was "planned to form a preliminary chapter, or general introduction, to a history of the origin and development of property in literature." The author enters thus a wide and inviting field; though much has been done along certain lines, particularly by French and German writers, no such comprehensive treatment as he proposes has yet been given to the subject as a whole.

The volume opens with an extended preface, at the end of which special acknowledgment of indebtedness is made to several foreign books; then follow nearly five pages of titles of works referred to as authorities, which may be recommended as an excellent nucleus for a bibliography of the subject. Of the six chapters the first treats of the beginnings of literature, presenting a short statement of the literary conditions of Chaldæa, Egypt, China, Japan, India, Persia and Judæa; the second is devoted to Greece, and the third to Alexandria; the fourth discusses briefly the subject of "Book-Terminology in Classic Times"; the fifth, which is the largest chapter, is concerned with writing and publishing in ancient Rome, and fills 120 pages; the sixth contains a brief discussion of the literary productiveness of Constantinople down to 1453, and of the effect of the fall of that city upon the literary development of the West. The processes of book-making, the distribution of books from literary centres, the evolution of the publisher, the compensation of the author, and the size and price of volumes, are among the many interesting topics treated.

The matter of the book can hardly be characterized in a few words. The volume, as a whole, is well planned; and in his treatment of the subject the author had the advantage of a degree of familiarity with the details of book-manufacture and with the status of authors to-day such as few possess. In historical investigations, however, such superabundance of practical knowledge needs to be counterbalanced by special scientific attainments, else there is danger that the investigator will either project upon what was imperfectly understood the light of present knowledge, or use without due discrimination the frequently erroneous results of the inquiries of others. Mr. Putnam has written with much painstaking, and with a clear idea of the purpose of his work; but, as he states in the preface, he has been "hampered by lack of familiarity with the works of even the more important of the Greek and Roman writers." This limitation has, perhaps, made the book more open to criticism than the author imagined that it would. The very effort to compress the treatment of so large a subject into a volume of about 300 pages greatly en-

hances the difficulties of concise and well-balanced generalization; but we certainly expect that, even when the writer uses material obtained from secondary sources, his statements of fact will be exact and clear. That the book is not without errors both in its data and in its more general statements will be apparent from the following examples, which are taken from the six pages devoted to Chaldæa.

Page 5. "The important discovery of specimens of the earlier literature of Chaldæa was due to Sir Henry Layard. In 1845 he was fortunate enough, while investigating the mounds at Koyunjik, \* \* \* to stumble into the chambers which had contained the royal library." It was not Sir Henry Layard, but Hormuzd Rassam who found the tablets referred to. A graphic account of the discovery—one of the most romantic in the annals of Assyrian exploration—is given by Rassam himself in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology," Vol. vii., pp. 39-41.

Page 6. "Smith was enabled to go to Mesopotamia, and in three successive journeys very largely to increase the collections of tablets, which finally comprised over 10,000 specimens." The tablets number more nearly 20,000 than 10,000.

Page 7. "During the past ten years a great development has been given to the collecting and deciphering of the tablets by the labors of such scholars as Dieulafoy, Fritz Hommel, John P. Peters and others." If this list is intended to be representative, as it should be, De Sarzec's important discoveries at Tello in 1878-81 deserve mention above those of Mr. Peters; curiously enough, the most important contributions to the decipherment have come from men other than those mentioned, with the possible exception of Hommel.

Page 8. "These campaign narratives finally came to take the shape of annual records, often beginning with the formula 'and when the springtime came, the time when kings go out to war.'" The Assyrian scholar will find it difficult to understand how the statement that this is a frequent introductory formula could have crept in.

The book is further marred in some places by statements which, though not positively wrong, are so indefinite as to be almost misleading. Thus on page 152:—"The book of Egyptian literature was nearly always written on papyrus, that is, on the tissue prepared from the stems of the papyrus plant." The use of the word "stems" suggests an erroneous idea, as anyone who has seen the tough, triangular stalks of the papyrus growing, as at Syracuse in Sicily, will readily understand. The paper of the ancients was prepared from the pith of the papyrus; the process is explained at length by Pliny. Again, on p. 155:—"The papyrus book, whether Egyptian, Greek, or Roman was gotten up very much like a modern mounted map. A length of the material, written on one side only, was fastened to a wooden roller, around which it was wound." There is nothing here to indicate that the writing of Greek and Roman literary works, unlike that of our maps and charts, was in columns, the lines of which were parallel with the edges of the roll, not with the rollers; the inexperienced reader would imagine, from the comparison, that the ancient classical book was written in one continuous column from beginning to end.

We find another instance of reasoning from insufficient data on p. 143:—"Birt ascribes to the limitation presented by the size of the rolls the division of narratives into 'books,' but it is certainly the case that there are examples of such division in the works of writers of a much earlier date, when large rolls were still customary. Xenophon's Anabasis, for instance, is so divided." This

statement rests upon the fact that the *Anabasis*, in its present form, contains summaries of the foregoing narratives at the beginning of the second, third, fourth, fifth and seventh books, which Mr. Putnam states loosely on p. 88:—"In Xenophon's *Anabasis* we find that each chapter or book is preceded by a summary in which are repeated the contents of the preceding chapter." The argument is of no value; for there is evidence to show that the summaries were not written by Xenophon, but added by some later editor or copyist, probably by the same one who divided the narrative into books.

On page 153 there is a slight mistranslation of both Latin and German:—"Pliny, for instance, writes:—*Papyri natura dicitur, cum chartæ usu maxime humanitas vitæ constet, certe memoria.*" Birt renders thus:—"It is on literature that all human development depends, and assuredly to literature is due the transmission of history." Birt's words are as follows ("Das Antike Buchwesen," pp. 54-55):—"Dieser Satz ist identisch mit folgender Umschreibung: 'Auf der Litteratur beruht vor allem (*maxime*) die menschliche Bildung, jedenfalls (*certe*) beruht doch auf ihr alle historische Ueberlieferung (*vitæ memoria*).'" He would probably join with Pliny in objecting to the unlimited proposition that "all human development depends on literature."

It is not worth while to mention in detail slips of the pen such as "Discourse for Ligarius" instead of "Speech for Ligarius" (p. 188), and "Hirtiulus Aulus" instead of "Aulus Hirtius" (p. 192); nor to comment upon the carelessness of the proof-reader, who understood no Greek (the accents are in most cases missing or wrong), and let pass, for example, "the *Iliads* and the *Odyssey*" (p. 25), "Tiron" for "Tiro" (p. 184 and Index), not to speak of wrong dates and other figures, as 401 B.C. for the death of Socrates (p. 16), and 42,000 instead of 42,800 (p. 130). The limits of space do not permit us to examine questionable statements of a general nature, as the following remark about the relations of Rome and Etruria (p. 163):—"With the Romans literature was not of spontaneous growth, but was chiefly the result of the influence exerted by the Etruscans, who were their first teachers in everything mental and spiritual." Nor, finally, can we here take issue with the author on interesting points on which there is room for difference of opinion, as in regard to the financial interest of the Roman Atticus in his publishing enterprises.

Notwithstanding the shortcomings of the book, its main conclusions, according to the present state of our knowledge, are unquestionably correct. Speaking of the relation of authors and publishers at Alexandria, Mr. Putnam says (p. 147):—"The booksellers may have profited to some extent by the activity of the public interest in the rivalries of the various schools, but it appears as if the compensation of the authors must, like that of the Athenian philosophers of five or six hundred years earlier, have been limited to such payments as were made by the attendants on their lectures." He finds at Rome the beginnings of an organized publishing business, which under the Empire developed to very great proportions. The author's property in his work was now recognized, and compensation of some sort was expected and received. However, "it was only after the general application of printing to the production of books that authors were placed in a position to enforce any property control over their productions, while for a long period this control was conceded for but brief terms and was restricted to but limited territories." We may say of the volume as a whole that it is a conscientious attempt to present the subject in an intelligible and pleasing way to general readers; that in style and form it is well adapted to the class to which it appeals; and that, when revised in the interest of greater accuracy, it will merit the hearty thanks of all who are interested in the subject.

### The Story of two Friends and a Woman

*The Manxman. A Novel. By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co.*

WHEN MR. HALL CAINE'S "Scapegoat" was published, everyone said, "This is his masterpiece." The reviews of his latest book which have appeared thus far are almost unanimous in saying of "The Manxman" what had previously been said of "The Scapegoat." Happy the author each of whose books is hailed on its appearance as the best he has yet written.

We agree with those who hold "The Manxman" to be the best of Mr. Hall Caine's stories, and one of the best stories of the year. It has its faults, but its merits far outweigh them. The plot is as old as the days of David and Bathsheba. What is new in the novel is Mr. Caine's handling of the plot and of the scene where it is laid. We know little about Manxmen in America. We have heard of the pretty Isle of Man as an interesting corner of Her Majesty's realm, where the people speak a strange tongue, and where a species of tailless cat has its habitat. For many years the island was unfrequented by the tourist, but Mr. Gladstone discovered its charms a short time ago, and with the generous spirit he has always shown to places as well as to authors, he sang its praises in the market-place; and now the Isle has its big hotel and its excursion boats for which you may buy tickets at reduced rates from the ubiquitous Cook.

"The Manxman" is the story of two brothers, their two sons and a woman. Old Deemster Christian of Ballawhaine—"Iron Christian," he was called—was a hard man, and when his son Thomas, who had studied law and was to succeed his father as Deemster, told him that he was going to marry Mona Crellin, he was turned out of the house and disinherited. Thomas's brother Peter, a bad lot, had incited his father to the act. To be sure, Mona was no match for the son of a Deemster: she was not only common, but coarse. Very likely Thomas would have realized this and not married her, had he not felt in honor bound to do so when his father assailed her character and his. The marriage was a mistake, as such marriages are likely to be, and Thomas sank to the level of his wife. This unhappy couple had one child, Philip by name, who was as bright as he was beautiful. His only real chum was Pete Quilliam, the natural son of Thomas's brother Peter and Bridget Quilliam—"a great, slow-eyed, comely-looking, comfortable, easy-going gawk," who worked in the fields, digging potatoes and following the reapers, "for sixpence a day dry days, and fourpence all weathers." She might have badgered the heir of Ballawhaine, but she never did so. Pete had something of his mother's nature. He was stupid and could barely learn to read, but he was a loyal, high-principled little fellow, and he worshiped his playmate Philip Christian. As he grew older he also worshiped pretty Kate Creegan, the innkeeper's daughter, who had been kind to him. Although a shy youth, without a particle of conceit in his composition, Pete was made bold by love. He was little more than a beggar, and quite as much of a "gawk" as his mother, but he plucked up heart and told his love. He lacked, however, the courage to approach Kate's father on the subject. For this delicate duty Peter chose his friend Philip. Now Philip also loved Kate, but he had never spoken of it, and neither she nor Pete suspected it. When Pete asked him to speak to the innkeeper, he hesitated. "I know I'm only a sort of a waistrel," said Pete; "but, Phil, the way I'm loving that girl it's shocking. I can never take rest for thinking of her. No, I'm not sleeping at night nor working reg'lar in the day neither. Everything is telling of her, and everything is shouting her name. It's 'Kate' in the sea, and 'Kate' in the river, and the trees and the gorse. 'Kate,' 'Kate,' 'Kate,' it's Kate constant, and I can't stand much more of it. I'm loving the girl scandalous, that's the truth, Phil." Philip was loyal to Pete, and did speak for him and to the point.

Pete was not altogether lacking in commonsense, and he knew as well as did the innkeeper that he could not marry



until he had something to support a wife with. So he decided to go to the Kimberley diamond fields, where in the course of five years he hoped to lay by enough to enable him to come home and marry Kate. Before he went he did a mad thing, but one not uncommon in the Isle of Man. He left Kate in charge of Philip. Not only was Philip to protect her if she needed protection, but he was to sing Pete's praises to her, so that he should not be out of mind though out of sight.

"It is," says the author, "a familiar duty in the Isle of Man, and he who discharges it is known by a familiar name. They call him the *Dooiney Molla*—literally, the 'man-praiser,' and his primary function is that of an informal, unmercenary, purely friendly and philanthropic matchmaker, introduced by the young man to persuade the parents of the young woman that he is a splendid fellow, with substantial possessions or magnificent prospects, and entirely fit to marry her. But he has a secondary function, less frequent, though scarcely less familiar; and it is that of lover by proxy, or intended husband by deputy, with duties of moral guardianship over the girl while the man himself is off 'at the herrings,' or away 'at the mackerel,' or abroad on wider voyages."

Philip played his part manfully, and it seemed as though he were going to have his reward, for the news came that Pete had died. When Philip broke this intelligence to Kate, he learned of her love for him, and the two forgot the death of their friend in the joy that it had brought to them. But Philip was ambitious. He was rising in his profession. He would soon be a Deemster, and after that anything he chose. Kate was pretty and he loved her, but she was hardly the wife for a man of his position and prospects. Kate loved him with all her soul. There were no "ifs" and "buts" on her side. She led him on, there is no doubt of that, and her course led to her undoing. There is a chapter in this book very much like a certain chapter in "Esther Waters." Mr. Caine closes it with these words:—

"When a good woman falls from honor, is it merely that she is a victim of momentary intoxication, of stress of passion, of the fever of instinct? No. It is mainly that she is a slave of the sweetest, tenderest, most spiritual and pathetic of all human fallacies—the fallacy that by giving herself to the man she loves she attaches him to herself for ever. This is the real betrayer of nearly all good women that are betrayed. It lies at the root of tens of thousands of the cases that make up the merciless story of man's sin and woman's weakness. Alas! it is only the woman who clings the closer. The impulse of the man is to draw apart. He must conquer it or she is lost. Such is the old cruel difference and inequality of man and woman as nature made them—the old trick, the old tragedy."

If Philip had only married Kate then and there, all might have been well; but he did not.

Pete was not dead, and he came back to his island home with plenty of money in his pocket and more love than ever in his heart. Kate married him against her will, and then the trouble began. Philip should have gone away, but he stayed and he and Kate wronged poor Pete most shamefully. Philip repented when it was too late, and gave up everything for Kate, proving anew that love is mightier than ambition.

To tell the plot of "The Manxman" cannot detract from the reader's interest in the story, which lies mainly in Mr. Caine's handling of his material. As we have said before, the story has its faults; and one of them is its prolixity. It could have been told in a third of the space. While the characters are mostly drawn with a firm hand, we feel that Pete is a little over-drawn. Loyalty is a good thing, but he was more loyal than the king. No wonder that his sweetness sickened Philip. It was all right for Philip to be "sickened," but it should have been by a manifestation of the righteous wrath, and not the "sweetness," of the friend he had betrayed. Pete's character is one met with occasionally in all parts of rural Europe, even to-day. It is, perhaps, the most curious survival of feudalism, and therefore less clear to us than to old-world readers. It is immortalized in French literature in the husband of Madame Bovary.

### Marlborough

John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. By General Viscount Wolsley, K. P. Vols. I. & II. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE CLAIM OF MARLBOROUGH to a place among the illustrious men of history rests chiefly upon his military achievements during the reign of Queen Anne. There is abundant material for an account of his life during the period when he was practically the ruler of England, but little has been written about his earlier life; and as he was more than fifty years old at the beginning of his brilliant career as a commander of armies, and was always a man of action, prominent in political and social circles, his biographer has had to go over a good deal of comparatively unexplored ground, in order to give "an idea of his personal character, his domestic life, and, as far as may be, the inner workings of his curiously constituted mind." To enable the reader to form an accurate estimate of Marlborough, it was necessary, also, to give some account of the manners and customs of his times, and of those with whom he was associated, and who thus influenced his character. But it would seem that this preparatory study of Marlborough's career might have been somewhat condensed without lessening its value. It is a disappointment to find that the author has devoted two large octavo volumes, averaging more than four hundred pages each, to a consideration of that portion of Marlborough's life prior to the accession of Queen Anne, and this disappointment is only partially mitigated by his declared intention to complete his work at some future time. If his subsequent volumes are as prolix as the two under consideration, it might easily be believed that he is of the same opinion in regard to the difficulty of doing his subject justice as was the writer of the following stanza, who won the prize offered by the Duchess of Marlborough for the best poem commemorating the deeds of her great husband:—

"Five hundred pounds, too small a boon  
To set the poet's muse in tune  
That nothing might escape her.  
Were I to attempt the heroic story  
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,  
It scarce would buy the paper."

The biographer quotes this stanza in his preface, but disclaims all intention of competing with its writer in point of condensation.

An account is given of Marlborough's birth, birthplace, horoscope and lineage. In a description of the members of his immediate family, it is stated that his mother had a sharp tongue and violent temper, which her son was fortunately spared from inheriting. His first service was in Tangier, whither he went as a volunteer, and where, as a mere boy, he tested his nerve and accustomed himself to the sensation of being shot at. After a short service there, he returned to England and rejoined the household of the Duke of York. He soon began an intrigue with the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland, one of the King's many mistresses. She was many years his senior, and the author is probably right in his opinion that the young man was lured and tempted by this siren. The amour with the bewitching Barbara, even as aggravated by her purchase for him of the position of Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, and by his acceptance of her present of 4500*l.*, which he promptly invested in an annuity, is a much less serious charge against Marlborough than his desertion of his friend and benefactor, the Duke of York, after the latter's accession to the throne as James II. But his treachery did not end even here, for later on he is found corresponding with the exiled James and furnishing him with military information, although filling, at the time, a high office under William. Marlborough's well-known niggardliness is so trivial a defect as compared with the grave offences just mentioned, that it hardly merits attention. It seems very strange to find an author who admits the correctness of these charges endeavoring to prove that they should not necessarily subject Marlborough to the condemnation of posterity. Ad-

mitting his skill as a diplomat, his greatness as a soldier, and the ability with which, as "master of England," he raised his country to the position of an enduring monarchy, it still seems futile to attempt to extenuate his acknowledged offences against the rules of honor and common decency, or to characterize his crimes as faults and petty foibles.

The author's defence is based upon the low standard of morals of the times. In the Restoration epoch, the standard of female virtue was surprisingly low. It was no disgrace to become the mistress of a prince, and the fact that Churchill's sister was the mistress of the Duke of York no doubt had much to do with his joining the household of that Prince as a page, and with his subsequent advancement to a commission in the King's regiment of Foot-Guards. The author describes the character of Charles II. and of James, in order that an estimate of society during their reigns may be formed. Both were unprincipled and immoral, and Churchill was brought up in their depraved society. Up to middle age he was surrounded by an atmosphere so polluted that the author says that it is hard to believe in the honesty of any man or the virtue of any woman forced to breathe it. Churchill was rather better than worse than his fellow-courtiers and contemporaries. His most serious offence—the desertion of James—is attributed to his adherence to Protestantism, and to his determination to support the law which made it the State religion of England. His subsequent correspondence with James in regard to the latter's restoration, which would surely have resulted to the disadvantage of Protestantism, is stated to have been due to dissatisfaction at the rewards bestowed upon him by William and Mary for his great services to them. At this time there must have been a conflict in his mind between love for Protestantism and desire for revenge, in which he was urged on by a hope of self-aggrandizement. Churchill's morality should probably be measured by the standard of his time, and for this reason his intrigue with the Duchess of Cleveland might be overlooked, especially as he is shown to have been a most faithful husband after his marriage to Sarah Jennings; but his acceptance of a competence from the King's mistress and his double-dyed treachery cannot be smoothed over on the same grounds. The author states that it has not been his object to censure Churchill's amours, to despise his niggardliness, or to hate his double dealing, but to learn the secret of his success and the motives of his actions.

#### Home Rule in India

*The Protected Princes of India.* By William Lee-Warner. Macmillan & Co.

WHILE THE INSULAR BRITISH, both conservatives and radicals, are wrestling over the problem of Home Rule in Ireland, there is being wrought out in the great Indian Empire the problem of Home Rule in India. Very few Americans have an idea of the complexity of the forms of government in vogue in the region of the earth between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin, and between Siam and Arabia. Here are no fewer than 668 different states. The tide of British conquest represents 964,993 square miles submerged under the rule of the Queen-Empress, yet rising above this flood of English power are many native principalities that have survived the shocks of the various policies dictated from London and changed with the changing politics of Parliament. The author has made a study of this particular phase of Anglo-Indian history, and his map and tables of the various states, their geographical position, the nature of the treaties by which they were connected in some way with Great Britain, furnish what will be to most readers a novel mine of information. One is reminded of the differences between the facts of feudalism as given in the generalizations of the law-books, and as shown in the details set forth by the scholarly and painstaking historian. In the former all is simplicity, in the latter all is heterogeneous. The story of conquest, treaty-

alliances and so-called settlements is an extremely varied one. The results of war and of peace, of political wisdom and politicians' folly are here seen at a glance. One is impressed, too, with the great differences in the grades of civilization possessed by these Indian states. The vast area of land seems to show a jungle of civilization and of political growths, as well as of religions.

The author, after showing the facts in the case, gives his attention to outlining the various policies which the British Government has employed in the making of the Indian Empire. We can take space only to give his names for them—"the policy of the ring-fence," "the policy of subordinate isolation," "the connection of annexation with non-intervention" and "the policy of subordinate union." In an exceedingly clear style, and with thorough mastery of the colossal body of facts, he shows the profit-and-loss account. He draws, also, suggestive contrasts between the Federal States of America and those of India, and between the objects which the United States of America and the British Government in India have had in view, so that this book is an extremely valuable one for American statesmen to possess at this time. While the question of our future foreign policy is still in solution, and the American mind has not yet been made up as to what it should do in Samoa, Hawaii and other small portions of the earth beyond our borders, this book will serve as a help. Year by year it is clearly shown that the old, native ability of the Indian princes to govern is weakening, while the genius of the British race for political administration seems to shine out more clearly. The author discusses very luminously the obligations of the states for the common defence in external and internal administration, and then shows what should be expected from the British jurisdiction in the native states. Finally, without committing himself too strongly to either side of the question, he discusses the nature of the tie which unites the British and the Indian Empire. "It is not," he says, "international, not feudal, not constitutional. The secret of British success is not that of Roman success, which latter lay in the policy of separation and division. The secret of British success lies in the fact that one supreme authority is needed to keep the peace, to arbitrate between state and state, and to unite the isolated groups of societies under one standard of allegiance and one tie of common interest. Though this book makes no pretense of being more than a suggestive inquiry into and study of a great problem, it is one of surpassing interest to all thoughtful Englishmen, and to all Americans interested in our future foreign policy.

#### Sociology and Economics

"WEALTH AND MORAL LAW" is a series of lectures, delivered to the students of the Hartford Theological Seminary, by President Andrews of Brown University. They are not all so purely ethical in character as their title indicates, portions of them being strictly economic; and we could have wished that these parts had been omitted in favor of something more germane to the author's main theme. The best parts of the book are the first and last lectures; and these are the most distinctly ethical in character. Mr. Andrews reminds those who inveigh against riches and rich men that it is no sin to be rich, if one has acquired his wealth by honorable means and uses it well; and he also maintains that in the present state of human affairs the possession of large masses of capital by individuals is often advantageous to the public. He has a good deal to say about trusts and monopolies; but we cannot see that he sheds any new or valuable light on the subject. He calls attention to some evils that are due to bad legislation, but almost wholly neglects the corrupting influence of money in politics, which is one of the greatest evils of our time. He is no socialist; on the contrary, he says that the socialist proposal "sounds like moving the previous question on a motion to introduce the millennium." In his concluding lecture, Mr. Andrews teaches with much earnestness and force that the only way to social reform is through moral reform—that "the problem of human progress is the problem of improving human character"; and this, we believe, is the view to which all judicious minds have come or are rapidly coming. (Hart-



ford Seminary Press.)—MISS GERTRUDE M. TUCKWILL'S book on "The State and Its Children" is full of interest for its careful reports of the different institutions in England for the care and reform of children. It shows the state, perhaps the state rather than the government, fulfilling a natural duty. (London: Methuen & Co.)

"THE EVOLUTION OF Modern Capitalism," by John A. Hobson, is a study of the development of machinery during the past 150 years, and of its economic effects. It opens with a discussion of the nature and functions of capital and machinery, followed by an account of the condition and character of industry before machinery and steam-power came into use. Mr. Hobson then shows the order in which machinery was introduced in the various branches of industry, and the great changes in the industrial organization which resulted therefrom, while the rest of the book is devoted to showing the effects of the great industrial development on the character of the workers, on the employment of women, on industrial depressions and on the general progress of the world in population, wealth and civilization. Thus he has sought, not only to relate history, but also to interpret it; and while there is nothing strikingly original in his exposition, and while some of his views seem to us mistaken, he brings forward many considerations and arguments that are well worthy of attention from all who are investigating the subject. We cannot, however, approve the style and method of his work. He is too fond of rigid divisions and classifications, as if anxious to give his work a strictly scientific form; and his style is altogether too full of unusual and technical expressions, and ill fitted to attract readers. But, on the whole, the book is well worthy of the place it holds in the Contemporary Science Series. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

IT USED TO BE thought that high wages meant a high cost of production, and, notwithstanding that Adam Smith and other economists have maintained the contrary, the old view still prevails to a great extent among capitalists and politicians, and is not without influence on practical affairs. Among recent writers who recognize the truth that, within reasonable limits, highly paid labor is the cheapest, stands the German economist Lujo Brentano, whose essay on "Hours and Wages in Relation to Production" has been translated into English by Mrs. William Arnold. After noting the fact that in Germany false views on the subject are widely prevalent, even among officers of state, the author proceeds to show by both statistics and the testimony of English and American employers, that the efficiency of well-paid laborers is so much greater than that of poorly paid ones as to more than make up for the increased sum spent in wages; and he affirms that the industrial supremacy of the English-speaking nations is partly the result of the high pay of their laborers. He then goes on to consider the effect on production of shortening the hours of labor, and finds that, though the reduction of working time from twelve to ten, and afterwards to nine or eight hours, has generally been attended by some diminution of the amount produced, yet the loss has been slight compared with the reduction of working time. These results are highly encouraging to all friends of the working classes. Prof. Brentano's presentation of them, being compact and readable, is well worth having. The book belongs to the Social Science Series. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

JOHN RAE'S "Eight Hours for Work" is a vigorous and intelligent plea for the general adoption of a working day of eight hours. The author begins by showing that when, some years ago, the hours of labor were reduced from twelve or thirteen to ten, there was no equivalent reduction in the amount of goods produced, and in many cases no reduction at all. He then brings forward a long array of facts tending to prove that where the eight-hour system has been introduced, the effect has been similar, the falling off in production, when it has occurred at all, being slight, while in not a few important cases the production was as great in a day of eight hours as it had previously been in one of nine or ten. Most of the examples are taken from British industry, but there is also a chapter on the eight-hour day in Victoria, where it has been quite generally established, and where it is believed by almost all classes to be beneficial. Some readers will be apt to think that Mr. Rae takes too rosy a view of his subject, but he certainly makes out a very strong case. Those who are interested in the question discussed, whatever their views, cannot afford to leave his book unread. He shows, too, the reason why the reduction of hours has not brought a corresponding reduction in the product—the result being partly due to improved management, the more rapid

running of machinery and certain other economics, but mainly to the greater energy and efficiency of the workmen. Many British manufacturers have argued that, if they adopted the eight-hour system, they would suffer from the competition of foreigners, whose day is longer; but Mr. Rae thinks otherwise, and gives good reasons for his opinion. The showing that he makes in favor of the eight-hour system is highly encouraging, and seems to foreshadow its extension at no distant day. (Macmillan & Co.)

"JOINT METALLISM," by Anson Phelps Stokes, is an attempt to settle the money question. Mr. Stokes would have the Government coin five-dollar gold pieces, and also silver pieces of the same weight as these gold coins, and would provide that all debts, both public and private, may be paid half in gold and half in silver, the relative value of the two metals to be fixed on the first day of each month by the Secretary of the U. S. Treasury. The mere statement of such a scheme seems to us a sufficient condemnation of it; but the author has here given not only his own arguments in its support, but some that have been urged against it, so that his readers can hear both sides and form their own opinions. (G. P. Putnam's Sons).—"POLITICAL INDIFFERENCE," by John A. Porter, is a fourth-of-July oration on the duties of educated men in public affairs. The author, who is the editor of a daily newspaper, is impressed, as many other men are, with the evils now prevalent in American politics, and with the dangers of the future; and he here undertakes to point out the remedy. He maintains, as some others have done, that most of the evils complained of arise from the indifference of our educated people to their political duties, and especially from their failure to "attend the primaries." For our part, we attach much less importance to the nominating caucuses than Mr. Porter does, and we look for improvement in our public life rather to the better political education of the people. Yet there is much in this pamphlet with which we heartily agree, and it is clearly and forcibly put. (Hartford: Fowler & Miller Co.)

STUDENTS OF THE land question will undoubtedly like to read William Epps's "Land Systems of Australasia," which has lately appeared. It is in the main a record of facts rather than a presentation of theories; but the author has also endeavored to show the economic and social effects of the systems of land-tenure he describes, and their influence on the distribution of the land among the people. He treats of each colony separately, including New Zealand and Tasmania, telling how the land was first assigned to the settlers, and on what conditions it is held now, giving, perhaps, a greater amount of detail than most readers will care for. He remarks that "there is no country in the world with a similar population, in which such immense areas are held by private individuals," and the figures he gives tend strongly to confirm this statement. He attributes to the methods of landholding now prevalent the tendency of the Australian people to concentrate in towns, rather than to till the soil; but on this point we think he is mistaken, for the same predilection for town-life is manifest now in all commercial countries, and seems to be a natural result of our present methods of industry. Mr. Epps's book will have an interest for economists, because it relates to so new a country, and will furnish useful material for comparison with the land systems of the old world. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"THE JOINT STANDARD," by Elijah Helm, is an essay on the monetary disturbances of the past twenty years, written from the standpoint of bimetallism. It is judicious in temper and better in style than most financial works; it is likely, also, to provoke thought even in those who disagree with the author's views. He begins with a brief statement of what money is, and of the part that gold and silver have played in the monetary system of the world, special care being taken to show the influence of the Latin Union in preserving the established ratio between the two metals, and thus minimizing the fluctuations in the value of each. Mr. Helm then goes on to show what, in his opinion, have been the effects of the widespread demonetization of silver since 1871, dwelling particularly on the general fall in prices—which, as he truly observes, is only another name for a rise in the value of gold—and on the difficulties of the Indian Government, due to the increasing disparity between the two metals. On all phases of the subject he presents a mass of useful facts and statistics; and on some points he is able to quote from monometallists as well as from bimetallicists in support of his views. He ends by expressing the opinion that the only way out of the difficulty is by the adoption of international bimetallism, which, he is sanguine enough to think, is certain to take place. The book deserves the attention of all bi-

metallists as a clear presentment of and argument for their cause. (Macmillan & Co.)

### Fiction

"BROWN'S RETREAT, and Other Stories," by Anna Eichberg King, is a modest volume. It contains a number of stories of New England life, and one need not read many pages to discover that the author has the true touch—the temperament for describing that peculiar community. This quality finds perfect expression in such writers as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Sarah Orne Jewett, Miss Wilkins and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and is one that in their hands makes the short story seem a local product of New England soil—one that reaches its fulfilment in no other part of the country. The distinctive trait of the New England mind is expansion of conscience—the faculty of evolving those subtle ethical distinctions that are almost its only intellectual dissipation,—united with a keen, mirthless sense of humor, deep feeling, pitiless self-judgment and an entire lack of the æsthetic sense. It is through the authors we have named that this spirit has been most perfectly communicated to the outside world, tempered, of course, by the individual characteristic of each writer; and now comes Miss King, privileged to walk in such company, with less delicacy, less dignity of style. It is true, than Miss Jewett, or Miss Wilkins, and not so faultless in performance, but nevertheless possessing the humor and the feeling that give her the right to belong to this gifted community—a right clearly demonstrated by the first three stories of her book, "Brown's Retreat," "Odelia Blynn" and "The Heart Story of Miss Jack," all of which relate some passages in the lives of these people with such subtlety and unerring truthfulness, that their whole natures lie before us, unlocked by the key of a single scene. (Roberts Bros.)

WE HAVE HAD occasion, at times, to lament that survival of colonialism which evinces itself in the short story writers of our magazines. Many of the more unfamiliar names among them are those of young men, who, having made a hit with a rattling good story, are invited to garner their earliest work into a volume for the summer trade. As often these young *littérateurs* are among those fortunate Americans who have completed their student-life in European universities, these volumes are quite sure to be padded to the requisite 300 pages with several stories founded on foreign experience—stories dear to their authors' hearts and larded full as a generous Christmas pudding with italicized foreign words. While it is dangerous to lay down any rule, it is quite safe to assume that these stories are commonplace, and that we must look elsewhere for the excuse for publication. Americans have been writing stories about incidents of their travels ever since Washington Irving, but there have been few rivals of the "Sketch Book." The innocent cause of this little exhortation to patriotism is Mr. Bliss Perry's volume, entitled "Salem Kittredge." The story of that name is of a theologian at Bar Harbor; there is another story of another theologian at the seminary, and a third of a young American Lochinvar. All of these are excellent and clever, well expressed and full of pith, and entitle Mr. Perry to our sincere felicitation. If he will only work the same vein and abandon his *Complexes and pensions* and *Herr Doctors* for good American stories of good American men and women, he will earn our heartfelt thanks, and give the literature of his country another hand out of the ditch to which *The Edinburgh Review* consigned it many years ago with a kick from which it has never entirely recovered. Moreover, we believe it would pay, in popularity and in popularity's agreeable concomitant—the polite type-written note of the magazine editor, beginning "I beg leave to enclose our cheque," etc. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

"TEN NOTABLE STORIES" is prefaced by a fore-word describing the reason of their selection for publication and the estimate placed on them by the readers of *Lippincott's Magazine*, from which they have been reprinted. The method pursued was an ingenious one, even in this age of catch-penny devices. These tales appeared from month to month in the periodical, and the publishers respectfully requested their readers to send them a postal card containing an estimate of each story as it was published. To those who complied with this request during the entire year, a copy of the collected stories was to be sent free of charge; and to the author whose story received the largest number of "votes," the royalty of the book was to be given. We think that Uncle Sam is the only one benefited by this catching device, but we doubt, even, whether the consumption of postal cards was very large. Life in these latter days is too crowded to make a dollar book much

of a prize at the cost of reading ten stories and writing ten postal cards. Neither are people of critical acumen likely to occupy themselves with this pleasant pastime, so that the public, on being told that Miss Kate Jordan's "A Rose of the Mire" was the story that received the highest number of "votes," can hardly feel that confidence in the tale's literary superiority that it might have felt, had the editor, even alone, pronounced upon its merits. Nevertheless, "A Rose of the Mire," although lacking delicate delineation and written in a style whose vigor amounts to brusqueness, is a story of power. An Irish girl came from the dear Emerald Isle, with her little, crippled brother, to take care of her uncle's shop on Cherry Hill. Those who are acquainted with Cherry Hill know that its inhabitants are not noted for refinement of feeling. Yet here it was that this Rose of the Mire learned a love that was without thought of self, and developed a capacity for renunciation that made her a heroine. When her little brother lay dying, temptation to desert him came to her in the form of a command from her lover to follow him on a sudden and perilous journey. Her tender nature was shocked at the brutality of the command and the ugliness of passion: she let him go though her heart was breaking, and though her brother had died an hour before. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

MISS JANE BARLOW has revived a literary interest in Ireland such as has scarce been felt since Miss Edgeworth ceased to be read; for we understand that no one has time or patience now to open the elegant and leisurely pages of either "Castle Rackrent" or "The Absentee." The knowledge that Miss Barlow's "Irish Idylls," a book of no little importance, is now in its sixth edition, and her "Bogland Studies" in its third, gives a certain prospective dignity to this author's latest volume and first long novel, "Kerrigan's Quality." This is a character-sketch of Irish village life, slender enough, but of sufficient compass to show the author's delicate touch, her real Irish wit, thorough knowledge of her subject and command of legible dialect. Kerrigan, the emigrant who returns to his home country rich and out of joint with its life, is himself a pathetic figure; the other characters, however, are but faintly limned. The little book will well repay the hour spent in reading its 200 pages. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)—IT IS CERTAINLY a new idea to centre a story upon one who is indifferently an evangelical clergyman and an excellent butler, as the exigencies of the narrative may require. So much may Mr. Walter Mitchell claim for "Two Strings to His Bow." It is a clever, well-told little tale, which will recommend itself mostly to those readers who are interested by complicated plots and sensational developments. The book has the appreciable advantage of the fair type and excellent workmanship of the Riverside Press. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"THE DOCUMENTS IN EVIDENCE," by Henry M. Blossom, Jr., is an amusing story in itself, but more amusing in the novel way of its telling. It is told in facsimiles, very cleverly done, too, of letters, bills and newspaper clippings. It is concise and to the point, and could not come at any better time than the present, when there is a large piazza-and-hammock public sitting around, eager to be amused, if no trouble is involved. (St. Louis: Buxton & Skinner.)—"CORD AND CREESE," by James de Mille, is a story of adventure indeed, which is measured out to the reader in generous doses. Villains, thugs, Malay pirates and the avenging son swarm through its pages, and there are shipwrecks, murders, plots and ruin to bewilder the most fantastic brain. The author's imagination is incomprehensibly luxuriant, and he who purchases this story may be sure of "getting his money's worth" in quantity, if not in quality. (Harper & Bros.)—WILLIAM M. BAKER'S "The New Timothy" has been added to Harper's Quarterly, which promises to become a series of excellent books. (Harper & Bros.)—"EDLEEN VAUGHAN; or, Paths of Peril," by Carmen Sylva, "Lottie's Wooing," by Darley Dale, "Parson Jones," by Florence Marryat, "A Superfluous Woman," and "List, Ye Landsmen," by W. Clark Russell, have been added to Cassell's Sunshine Series. (Cassell Pub. Co.)

MR. HALL KENYON, we are told, was "A Prodigal in Love." He had, moreover, "a broad, straight young back, the brown columnar neck supporting a powerful, somewhat massive head. His white teeth flashed, and his eyes were hazel and disconcertingly intuitive. The glowing wine of summer emanated from every inch of his wholesome physique." One evening he went to call on Miss Constance Harriott, who was built on the large, easy lines of the great goddess—round, full bust and curves of quiet strength; a wealth of pale, lustreless golden braids crowned her, and the complexion of her colorless, dispassionate face was in unusual



harmony with her hair. There was about her not a suggestion of "emotiveness"—whatever that may be. She was constantly standing "moveless." Can we wonder, then, that she refused to marry Kenyon, or that he went out on the sea-shore and stood looking out—a tall, strong figure with folded arms, ghastly with the ghastliness of cold ashes where a glowing fire had been alight.

But he recovered after being forced to many Constance's sister, for whom he did not care, but who won his love by darning his socks. Of these and other things he did, Emma Wolf has made a novel to which, in the phrase of the law, "for greater certainty we beg leave to refer." Barring its exuberance of epithet it is a pleasant story enough. (Harper & Bros.)

## The September Magazines

### "The Atlantic Monthly"

MRS. DELAND continues the story of "Philip and his Wife," which will be completed in the October number. There are three stories, "Tante Cat'rinette," by Kate Chopin, "For their Brethren's Sake," by Grace Howard Peirce, and "The Kidnapped Bride," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. "Old Boston Mary: a Remembrance," by Josiah Flynt, is the story of an old female tramp; "Rus in Urbe" is a study, by Edith M. Thomas, of social life and customs in country and city; "Up Chevedale and Down Again," by Charles Stewart Davison, is a narrative of Alpine Adventure; and "In a Washington Hop Field," by Louise Herrick Wall, a sketch of the country. Among the contents are, further, "The Religion of Gotama Buddha," by William Davies; "From the Reports of the Plato Club," by Herbert Austin Aikins; "A Morning at the Old Sugar Mill," by Bradford Torrey; "An Entertaining Scholar," by Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge; "An Onondaga Mother and Child," by Duncan Campbell Scott; "Ave Atque Vale," by Graham R. Tomson; "A Reading in the Letters of John Keats," by Leon H. Vincent; a review of "The New Storm and Stress in Germany," by Kuno Francke, and the usual book-reviews and the Contributors' Club.

### CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM

Mr. William Davis draws the following comparison between the two religions:—

"If we make a comparison of Buddhism with Christianity, however great a similarity may appear in some of the elements of its teaching, its distinct inferiority in scope, purpose and adaptability will become apparent. The religion of the Buddha could never be brought to combine with the advancement and progressive amelioration of society. It works by abandonment, leaving the world every way as it finds it. It lacks the helpful and actively loving spirit of Christianity; that noble altruism which gains by bestowing, and counts its wealth from the benefit and welfare of others, and not from an egoistical consideration of its own advantage. It is a high testimony to the superiority of Christianity that even in its lowest and least emphatic form it stimulates noble enterprise, and fosters the forward movements of social amendment and elevation, and even contributes in a subsidiary manner to the development of the arts and sciences. Its spirit is based upon the universal law of evolution, and, rightly understood, never stands still either in its spiritual or natural manifestations. This cannot certainly be said of Buddhism, which does not hold any close spiritual connection with universal religious growth, which is so marked a characteristic of the profounder and larger teaching of the Vedānta."

### THE REAL KEATS

In his "Reading in the Letters of John Keats," Leon H. Vincent contrasts the real with the legendary Keats:—

"The legendary Keats dies hard; or perhaps we would better say that when he seems to be dying he is simply, in the good old fashion of legends, taking out a new lease of life. For it is as true now as when the sentence was first penned, that 'a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure.' Among the many readers of good books, there will always be some whose notions of the poetical proprieties suffer greatly by the facts of Keats's history. It is so much pleasanter to them to think that the poet's sensitive spirit was wounded to death by bitter words than to know that he was carried off by pulmonary disease. \* \* \* The letters are in every respect good reading. Rather than deplore their frankness, as one critic has done, we ought to rejoice in their utter want of affectation, in their boyish honesty. At every turn there is something to amuse or to startle one into thinking. We are carried back in a vivid way to the period of their composition. Not a little of the pulsing life of that time throbs anew, and we catch glimpses of notable figures. Often, the feeling is that we have been called in haste to a window to look at some celebrity passing by, and have arrived just in time to see him turn the corner."

### "Harper's Monthly"

CASPER W. WHITNEY contributes to the September *Harper's* a spirited article on "Riding to Hounds in England," with numerous illustrations from original drawings and photographs; Alfred Parsons talks of "Early Summer in Japan," illustrating his own article; T. Mitchell Prudden is very interesting on "Some Records of the Ice Age about New York"; Julian Ralph describes the mountain regions of West Virginia in "Where Time Has Slumbered"; and John White Chadwick tells "The Origin of a Great Poem" ("Thanatopsis"). The fiction consists of the continuation of Mr. Warner's "Golden House," the first part of "The Royal Marine: an Idyl of Narragansett Pier," by Brander Matthews; and three short stories, "The General's Bluff," by Owen Wister, "The Tug of War," by W. E. Norris, and "A New-England Prophet," by Mary E. Wilkins. "Within," by Anna C. Brackett, is the only poem in the number, Mr. Warner speaks in the Editor's Study of "George Du Maurier as an Author," of "Careers for Women," of "The New College Commencement," and of Havelock Ellis's "Man and Woman." The illustrations are by W. T. Smedley, George Roller, Otto H. Bacher, Max F. Klepper, Orson Lowell, Frederic Remington, Alfred Parsons, and George Du Maurier, who contributes his monthly full-page drawing fraught with the hopeless listlessness of "Le Monde où l'on S'Ennuie." There is another Bookworm Ballad in the Drawer, some verses by Albert Payson Terhune, and the usual sketches with pencil and pen.

### THE CRUELTY OF STAG-HUNTING

In his spirited and finely illustrated article on "Riding to Hounds in England," Mr. W. C. Whitney talks a little commonsense about the "cruelty" of fox and stag-hunting.

"Of carted stag-hunting in England," he says, "Lord de Rothschild's pack is the largest." \* \* \* But I hurry by these that I may come to Her Majesty's pack, not that it is more sporting, so much as it has been in the public eye almost continuously by reason of being cited, in the bill introduced into Parliament for the suppression of the pursuit of carted deer, as a terrible example of cruelty. First of all, let me assuage the fears of compassionate Americans as to the cruelty of this diversion; I cannot call it sport. Most of us, and I know I was of the number, have pictured the deer in the paddocks trembling at the approach of man, shivering with fear in the dark van as it is driven to the meet, bewildered at the uncaring, and, after a half-hopeful, fully terrorized flight, finally brought to a last desperate stand by fierce hounds that seek its life-blood. This is the hysterical pen-picture familiar to most readers of the press, but the facts do not support it. The deer, despite its antlers being sawed off, neither trembles at man's approach nor permits the hounds to worry him; indeed, they are frequently on very comfortable terms of intimacy. As for the terrors of uncaring and sight of the crowd, none of the deer I saw gave evidence of being so stricken, and one at least walked about looking at the crowd until some one 'shooed' it off."

### THE DIGNITY OF EDUCATION

"The reaction against forms, religious and scholastic," says Mr. Warner in the Editor's Study, "has about spent itself in this country. Both in the church and the university there is an increased disposition to return to the traditions and the symbols which are significant and helpful."

"In the scheme of modern education," he continues, "free and universal, it is seen that it was not wise to break with the past and to throw away the accumulated stores of experience and expression. Especially in these days of the popularization of education—in itself the most hopeful thing in our social evolution—is it necessary to emphasize the dignity of scholarship, to clothe the higher learning in the robes of distinction, and to invest it with the ceremonials of respect and honor. There is nothing undemocratic in this, nothing of the exaltation of a privileged class. It is the office of democracy to dignify labor and learning, rather than descent and privilege."

and to mark the royalty of its own creation in scholarship, in literature, in science, in all the liberal arts. \* \* \* It is not by any means a mere matter of gowns and caps and hoods, of brilliant scholastic robes and stately processions, with music and the banners of learning. These are symbols of a great reality, of a great force in the social evolution, the more evident the more it is marked by insignia of honor."

#### THE ORIGIN OF "THANATOPSIS"

Mr. John W. Chadwick traces the influences that may have helped to shape the inspiration in Bryant's mind when he wrote the first important poem written by an American, and the greatest poem ever written by a boy of seventeen.

"It cannot be claimed for Bryant," he says, "that the sources of his poem were entirely in his own experience of outward things and his own thoughts of our mortality. Of these he had too many for his years. They were continually pressing on his heart and forcing it into lugubrious meditation upon 'graves and worms and epitaphs.' It is an aggravating circumstance that an autobiographic fragment from the poet's hand stops short upon the verge of the one great event of his minority. But it goes far enough to inform us what kind of poetry he was reading in the summer of 1811. He was reading the poems of that most melancholy poetaster Henry Kirke White, and learning by heart his 'Ode to the Herb Rosemary'—an ode for undertakers to admire. At the same time he was reading Bishop Porteus's poem on 'Death,' and Blair's 'Grave,' and remarking the superiority of the latter. Did these things create the mood out of which 'Thanatopsis' came? It seems likelier that in reading them he was merely pouncing on his own; that they gravitated to his mood and made it darker than it was before. But Shakespeare did not justify his royal borrowing more completely than did Bryant his of all—it was not much—he foraged from the fields of Porteus and White and Blair."

#### SOUVENIRS OF THE ICE AGE

Some Records of the Ice Age about New York," by T. Mitchell Prudden, is an attractive, lucid paper for laymen, opening their eyes to things about them. On the borders of the Hudson, in Central Park, on the Bronx and among the excavators on Harlem building sites he points out what is truly worth seeing.

"But many of the glacial traces about New York," he says, "are buried up by the soil which has been slowly forming over them since the end of the great ice age. If, however, one lingers in his wanderings, hereabouts where the ground is being cleared for building, he will observe, almost everywhere, where much soil and earth and gravel are being dug out and carted off to clear the rock surfaces in preparation for blasting, that larger and smaller rounded rocks are found embedded in the gravel. They are usually too round and awkward in shape to be useful in the masonry even of the foundations of buildings. Many of them are too large to be shovelled into the carts and carried away with the dirt and gravel. And so one usually sees them rolled off on one side, out of the way, on the bare rock surfaces, until these are freed from soil, when they too are hoisted up and dragged off to some convenient dumping-ground where land, as they say, is being 'made.' If one looks a little closely at these despised boulders he will find that many of them are of entirely different character from any of our native rocks. Sometimes they are rock called trap, like that which makes the Palisades; sometimes rock like that which is at home in regions many miles to the north and west of New York. And they are rounded and smoothed in a way which indicates an enormous amount of wear and rubbing sometime somewhere. It is curious, turning back in the books to the record of a time only a few decades ago, to read the speculations of the learned as to the origin and nature of these erratic boulders, which, from their noteworthy shape and their structure, often so different from that of the rocks over which they lie scattered, early attracted attention. Some thought that they must have been cast up out of a distant volcano in an earlier time, and fell scattered here."

#### "The Century Magazine"

THIS NUMBER opens with an article on "School Excursions in Germany," by J. M. Rice, which is followed by another on "Playgrounds for City Schools," by Jacob A. Riis. Joseph B. Bishop writes of the lobby in "The Price of Peace"; Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr., and William Lewis Sachtleben continue the account of their travels "Across Asia on a Bicycle"; Frederick Wilbert Stokes writes of "Color at the Far North," as his artist's eye saw it on the first Peary Relief Expedition; Prof. Woodberry gives a sec-

ond instalment of Poe's Correspondence, with Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, Charles Dickens and others; Mrs. Oliphant contributes a short biographical sketch of "Addison the Humorist"; Charles H. Adams tells the story of "A Jaunt in Corsica"; Timothy Cole adds Gabriel Metsu to his list of Old Dutch Masters; and Aubrey de Vere begins his "Recollections." The fiction consists of the continuation of Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Bachelor Maid," the conclusion of Mr. Crawford's "Love in Idleness," and three short stories—"The Whirligig of Time," by George A. Hibbard; "A Gentleman Vagabond," by F. Hopkinson Smith, and "Jake Stanwood's Gal," by Anna Fuller. The poetry of the number is "Time's Lapidary," by Anna C. Brackett; "In Mid Ocean," by Charlotte Fiske Bates; "At Rest," by Louise Chandler Moulton; "Sorrow," by Lila Cabot Perry, and "A Hero of Peace" (Robert Ross), by Richard Watson Gilder. The Topics of the Times are "The Senate," "Home Rule for Cities," "The Memory of Curtis" and the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. The Open Letters treat of "Abandoned Farms Again," "An Instance of Organized Public Spirit" (Indianapolis), "One Cause of Apathy in Municipal Politics," "What to Do with the Tramp," "The College Gymnasium" and "'The Helping Hand' of Chicago." Cecilia Beaux's "Revery" forms the frontispiece; the illustrations are by Werner Zehme, W. H. Drake, Louis Loeb, Albert E. Sterner and A. Castaigne; there are, also, portraits of Addison, Lord Godolphin, Poe, Nathaniel P. Willis and Daniel O'Connell. Of interest is a facsimile of Washington's account of his table supplies in April, 1794.

#### SCHOOL PARKS

Jacob A. Riis, the well-known writer on the poor, has an article in this number on "Playgrounds for City Schools," in which he says:—

"If I had my way, I would surround every school in the city, up-town or down-town, with a park that would make it always the most attractive spot in all the neighborhood. To my mind that is one of the chief advantages to be derived from the school park. Instead of being repelled, children would be attracted to a school that was identified with their playground. Truancy would cease. I would adopt the plan that has proved successful in London, of lending the schools to the boys for club-rooms in the evening hours—under some system of effective but not intrusive surveillance, and not the kind that would aim at 'keeping them down'—those evening hours when the manufacture of the tough goes on most actively in the street. The gangs would soon find their occupation gone when the schools became boys' clubs. Why is it so hard for our city authorities to learn a lesson which any man's unofficial common sense grasps at once? However, the club is not necessarily a part of the school park. It is one of the 'frills' to be considered afterward. The first consideration would be to make the park attractive as well as useful. I would have a few trees in it for shade, a shelter at one end or along the side for rainy days, and some simple gymnastic apparatus for the children. For the rest, there should be a combination of asphalt and grass, with the asphalt predominating, and never a sign of 'keep off the grass,' if the lawns had to be sodded every year anew. My school park should be a people's park in which the children might play at recess, and where the mothers might take their babies during school hours. It should be always open; and there should be plenty of seats in it."

#### POE TO LONGFELLOW

"A single letter from Poe to Longfellow was written," says Prof. Woodberry, "to solicit his assistance in the magazine projected by Poe in connection with Graham, in 1841. \* \* \* The letter is an excellent example of the business side of Poe's capacity for literature." It runs in part as follows:—

"I need not call your attention to the signs of the times in respect to magazine literature. You will admit that the tendency of the age lies in this way—so far at least as regards the lighter letters. The brief, the terse, the condensed, and the easily circulated will take place of the diffuse, the ponderous, and the inaccessible. Even our reviews (*lucus a non lucendo*) are found too massive for the taste of the day: I do not mean for the taste of the tasteless, but for that of the few. In the meantime the finest minds of Europe are beginning to lend their spirit to magazines. In this country, unapparently, we have not any journal of the class which either can afford to offer pecuniary inducement to the highest talent, or which would be, in all respects, a fitting vehicle for its thoughts. In the supply of this deficiency there would be a point gained; and in the hope of at least partially supplying it, Mr. Graham and myself pro-



pose to establish a monthly magazine. The amplest funds will be embarked in the undertaking. The work will be an octavo of 96 pages. The paper will be of excellent quality—possibly finer than that upon which your 'Hyperion' was printed. The type will be new (always new), clear, and bold, with distinct face. The matter will be disposed in a single column. The printing will be done upon a hand-press in the best manner. There will be a broad margin. There will be no engravings, except occasional woodcuts (by Adams) when demanded in obvious illustration of the text; and, when so required, they will be worked in with the type—not upon separate pages as is 'Arcturus.' The stitching will be done in the French style, permitting the book to lie fully open. Upon the cover, and throughout, the endeavor will be to preserve the greatest purity of taste consistent with decision and force."

#### ADDISON'S MASTERPIECE

"But of all the things that Addison did," says Mrs. Oliphant in her pleasing paper, "there remains one preëminent creation which is his chief claim to immortality:—

"The Campaign 'has disappeared out of literature," she continues, "'Cato' is known only by a few much-quoted lines; *The Spectator* itself, though a work which 'no gentleman's library can be without,' dwells generally in a dignified retirement there, and is seldom seen on any table but the student's, though we are all supposed to be familiar with it; but Sir Roger de Coverley is the familiar friend of most people who have read anything at all, and the acquaintance by sight, if we may so speak, of everybody. There is no form better known in all literature. His simple rustic state, his modest sense of his own importance, his kind and genial patronage of the younger world, which would laugh at him if it were not overawed by his modesty and goodness, and which still sniggers in its sleeve at all those kind, ridiculous ways of his as he walks about in London, taken in on all sides, with his hand always in his purse, and his heart in its right place, and always familiar and delightful. We seem to know Sir Roger from our cradle, though we may never even have read the few chapters of his history. This is the one infallible distinction of genius above all commoner endowments."

#### COLOR AT THE FAR NORTH

Mr. Frederic Wilbert Stokes found in the arctic regions a land of beauty, with seas and skies of surpassing loveliness. He gives the following fine sketch of what he saw:—

"The intensity and brilliance of color impress the beholder as something supernatural. Our sojourn was from the middle of July, through August, and a few days of September—a period when the polar latitudes are teeming with animal, insect and plant life. The chief peculiarity of color at the North, so far as my short experience tells me, is that there are no semitones, the general effect being either very black or just the opposite, intensely brilliant and rich in color. In fact, a summer's midnight at the North has all the brilliance of our brightest noon, with the added intensity and richness of our most vivid sunsets, while noon, when the sun is obscured by threatening masses of storm-clouds, is black. Indeed, it is the true land of 'impressionism.' Of the wealth of color in flower, lichen and moss; of its curious riches as manifested in insect, shell and animal life, and of its wonderful limning skill as shown on the great inland ice, ice-cap and glacier, I have neither purpose nor pen to write. This new world of color awaits the one who can truly describe it. In all these color effects at the North there lies a wizard-like power of enchantment—a distinctive uncanniness, that, basilisk-like, both attracts and repels. Great nature's pitilessness broods over it with a force and penetration possibly not equaled, and surely not surpassed, in any other quarter of our globe. It is a land of beautiful and awesome dreams."

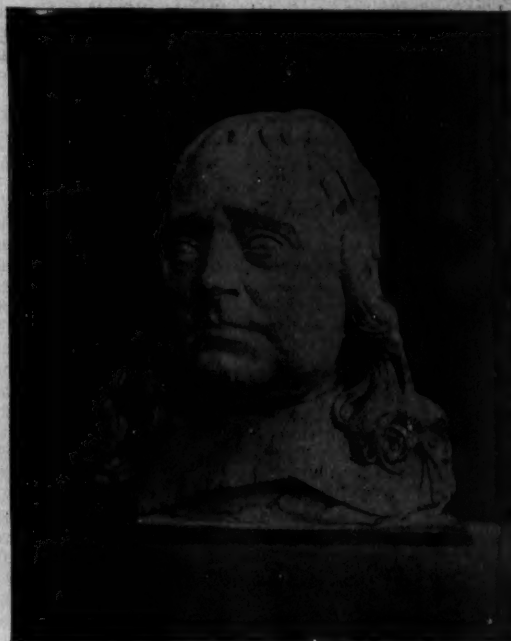
#### "Scribner's Magazine"

"AN UNLUCKY MEETING," by Ulpiano Checa, is the Type of Contemporary Paintings selected by P. G. Hamilton for the frontispiece of the September *Scribner's*, which opens with a poem on "Trumpets in Lohengrin," by Harriet Prescott Spofford. F. Marion Crawford contributes an article on "Bar Harbor"; Carl Lumholtz writes of "Tarahumari Life and Customs"; Octave Thanet adds "The People of the Cities" to his Sketches of American Types; and Mrs. James T. Fields chats of "A Third Shelf of Old Books," with facsimiles, portraits and reproductions of prints in the author's possession. "The Tapestry of the New World," by Fanny D. Bergen, is an entertaining study of home-made quilts. Thomas Nelson Page contributes the first of a two-part story, "Little Darby"; Herbert Laws Webb has a short

story, "Electrician-in-Charge"; and Gaston Fay tells of "The Folly of Mocking at the Moon," as observed by a Yankee whaler who was pressed into service on board the famous Alabama. Mr. Cable continues the story of "John March, Southerner." Besides Mrs. Spofford's poem, there are three others, "Transition," by Melville Upton, "Waldweben," which is by an anonymous writer, and "The World Known," by Inigo R. de R. Deane. The illustrations are by Irving R. Wiles, V. Pérard, W. C. Fittler, Albert E. Sterner and J. W. Ball. The writers in the Point of View talk of the recent strikes, public school classes, provincialism and the return of the townsman.

#### MILTON

In her admirable talk on "A Third Shelf of Old Books," Mrs. Fields treats of Milton, Samuel Johnson, James Amiot's translation of Plutarch as conveyed into English by Sir Thomas North, and the



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JOHN MILTON

use made thereof by Shakespeare; of Lamb, Thackeray and others, the article being notable, also, for its interesting illustrations.

"Dryden is said to have remarked," she says, "when the first edition of 'Paradise Lost' met his eye:—'The man cuts us all out, and the ancients too.' It is not unlikely that the quaint remark of Mr. S. Simmons, the printer, to his 'Courteous Reader,' upon the first page on this first edition, had in view Dryden and other celebrated writers and critics of that century. 'It may well have 'stumbled' Dryden, who never freed himself from the shackles of rhyme to read the stately blank verse of Milton for the first time. Milton lived largely 'in a world of disesteem,' and had grown somewhat hardy perhaps in the cold winds which brought him no fruit of approval from the harvests of the world. He wrote his prose with a stinging pen, and when music from upper airs came to him for transmission in verse he took no counsel from the nether sphere as to form or doctrine. His first appearance in letters was in the second folio of Shakespeare, where three anonymous tributes to Shakespeare's genius prefaced the plays. Milton and Ben Jonson wrote two of them. A small volume came somewhat later, in 1645, containing his early Poems, and the second edition of this book, printed in 1673, lies before me. It belonged to Thomas Gray when a schoolboy, his name being written only nine times by himself upon the title-page."

#### THE WANDERER'S RETURN

"Any delusions," says an observer in *The Point of View*, "that may have beset the summer vacationer from the city about the intensity of his own gregarious instincts, are apt to be widely dis-

pelled about this time of year, when, after his month by the sea or in the country, he first strikes a considerable town.

"It is really pitiable," continues this writer, "to see the poor creature's satisfaction in finding the commonest appurtenances of urban existence within his reach. The most ordinary sights bear a friendly aspect to him. The members of the Salvation Army that he sees in the streets seem to him like old acquaintances. The cigar-store Indians are his long-lost brothers. The conventional ornaments of the drug-stores, the soda-water fountains and awful instruments and sponges and patent medicine boxes that garnish those repositories, seem cheerful and alluring to him, and the familiar drug-store smell rises in his nostrils like the very breath of life. There are barber shops—he can have his locks trimmed; there are saloons—he can quench his thirst; there are bookstores—he can learn what progress literature has made during his absence from the world, and can look at the outside of the newest books and supply himself with all the latest magazines. It rejoices him, as he dodges a trolley car, to find his instinct of self-preservation still unimpaired. A bicyclist grazes him as he whizzes by, and he swears more in glee than in irritation. Poor degenerate creature that he is, after viewing God's creation for a month, man's poor appliances possess a new charm for him."

#### "TRUMPETS IN LOHENGRIN"

Mrs. Spofford's poem has the true sound of the noble music it celebrates:—

"Hark! 'Tis the golden trumpets of the dawn  
Sounding the day!  
Music, O Music fain!  
From rosy reaches drawn,  
And fall of silver rain,  
Along the call how swift the sunrise streams!  
Sound, sound again,  
O magical refrain!  
Peal on peal winding through the dewy air,  
Peal on peal answering far off and fair,  
Peal on peal bursting in victorious blare!  
Sound, sound again,  
With your delicious pain,  
O wild sweet haunting strain,  
Till the sky swell with hint of heavenly gleams  
And the heart break with gladness loosed from dreams!  
"What buoyant spirit breathes the breath of morn  
And earth's delight,  
Trumpets, O trumpets blast!  
Great voices, born  
Of consecrated gait,  
Across the ramparts ring and faint and fail!  
O echoes, pressed  
On some ethereal quest,  
Touch all the joyance to a tearful dew,  
With melancholy gathering o'er the blue—  
Infinite hope, infinite sorrow, too!  
And, heard, or guessed,  
Sweet, sweet, O sweet and best,  
Fall'n from some skyey crest,  
O horns of heaven, give your hero hail,  
Blown to him from the Kingdom of the Grail!"

#### "Lippincott's Magazine"

THE COMPLETE NOVEL in the September *Lippincott's* is "Captain Molly," a Salvation Army story, by Mary A. Denison. The three short stories are "Joseph Helmuth's Goetz," by Frederick R. Burtow; "The Sale of Uncle Rastus," by Will N. Harben, and "On Second Thoughts," by Lalage D. Morgan. Laura A. Smith writes of "Songs of the Battlefield"; "How I found the Baron," by Edward Wakefield, describes a semi-political episode; "Head-Lines," by W. T. Larned, deals, of course, with American journalism; "The Evolution of the Heroine" is a short essay by Prof. H. H. Boyesen; "Human Horses," by Walter Rogers Furness, treats of jinrickisha-bearers; F. K. Henry writes of "Inconsistent Franchises"; and the Talk with the Trade, this month, is of "Writers and Type-writers." The poetry of the number consists of a sonnet by Titus Munson Coan, and quatrains by Frank Dempster Sherman and Charles G. D. Roberts.

#### "SONGS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD"

"Association," says Laura A. Smith, "which has so large a share in the operations of the human mind, often contributes much to the effect of music. Some airs possessing no intrinsic merit owe their influence on the destinies of nations almost entirely to this principle.

"The making of a national song," she continues, "is one of the things to be attributed to happy accident; it cannot be accomplished by taking thought, or by any amount of burning of the midnight oil. Monarchs have no power to command it, and often the greatest poets and musicians are most incapable of producing a truly national hymn. No, the great popular lyrics of the world have been the result of accident, and the vent-hole of fiery feeling long confined. What but accident caused the song of 'My Maryland' to prove the chant to which thousands of the soldiers of the Confederacy kept time during 1861-65? And could anything be more fitly credited to chance than the extraordinary popularity of the 'Malbrough s'en va-t-en Guerre,' which was due to the fact of a provincial nurse having lulled to rest the little dauphin, the son of Louis XVI., with this air? Had he not written his one undying lyric, the 'Marseillaise,' probably Rouget de Lisle had never been heard of. And who speak of Max Schneckenburger when they talk of 'Die Wacht am Rhein'? Verily, the making of a war-song is a deed at arms, not a mere effort of the pen."

#### HEROINES

Prof. Boyesen traces "The Evolution of the Heroine" in English fiction, pointing out the difficulty of fixing the period of her first appearance. "Her claim is at first very faint and shy, as in the Waverley Novels, where she is yet duly subordinate, and but a slight improvement upon the princess of the fairy-tale." Of the heroines of some of the Masters, he says:—

"From Dickens and Thackeray to George Eliot what a tremendous leap we take, as regards characterization! It is to me highly significant that it is to a woman we owe the first really convincing and authentic portraits of women in English fiction. I ought perhaps to limit that statement by saying good women. For Becky Sharp and the Campaigner have no lack of distinctness; and they are alive in every nerve and fibre. But what becomes of Laura in 'Pendennis,' of Amelia, of Rose MacKenzie, when confronted with Maggie Tulliver in 'The Mill on the Floss,' or Rosamond Vincy or Dorothea Brooke in 'Middlemarch'? I cannot quote the descriptions of any of these heroines, because they are scattered through several volumes and are altogether too long. The fact is, they grow upon you like actual acquaintances, and there is no sort of pretence that they were transcendent, perfect, supremely adorable. \* \* \* They belong to that noble class of heroines in which the pulse of our common humanity beats warmly; which may be the friend and companion of man—a better and safer fate, indeed, than to be his ideal."

#### "The Popular Science Monthly"

PROF. JAMES SULLY considers "The Imaginative Side of Play," in the second of his "Studies of Childhood." Another outdoor paper by the late Frank Bolles is on "The Humming Birds of Chocorua"; F. Le Roy Sargent has an evolutionary paper on "Barberries"; Ernest A. Le Sueur describes the possibilities of "Commercial Power Development at Niagara"; Dr. H. E. Armstrong, F.R.S., writes on "Scientific Education"; Prof. E. P. Evans considers the "Ethical Relations between Man and Beast"; Dr. P. Lenard describes "The Work of Dust"; Stuart Jenkins outlines a new plan for reaching the North Pole in "Arctic Temperatures and Exploration"; G. Perry Grimsley describes "The New Mineralogy"; Dr. F. Davis studies "Science as a Means of Human Culture"; and C. V. Riley, Ph.D., writes of "Parasitic and Predaceous Insects." There is, further, an article on "Seventeenth-Century Astrology." The portrait, this month, is of Gotthilf Heinrich Ernst Muhlenberg. There is a letter on "Artificial Stimulation of Trusts," and the editor deals with "Social Disturbances" and the "Endowment of Research."

#### ILLUSION IN PLAY

In "The Imaginative Side of Play," Prof. Sully shows, by means of many incidents, how strong is the power of "making believe" that enters so largely into children's plays.

"There is a very conclusive way," he says, "of satisfying ourselves of the reality of the play illusion. The child finds himself confronted by the unbelieving adult, who may even be cruel enough to laugh at his play and his day dreamings; and this frosty aloofness, this unfeeling quizzing of their little doings, is apt to cut the sensitive little nerves to the quick. I have heard of children who will cry if a stranger suddenly enters the nursery when they are hard at play and shows himself unsympathetic and critical. But here is a story which seems to me even more conclusive on the point:—'I remember' (writes a lady) 'that one of my children, when about four, was playing "shops" with the baby. The elder



one was shopman at the time when I came into the room and kissed her. She broke out into piteous sobs; I could not understand why. At last she sobbed out, "Mother, you *never* kiss the man in the shop." For the time being her game was spoiled. The mother's kiss, though sweet in itself, had here wrought a sudden disillusion. \* \* \* Play may produce not only the vivid imaginative realization at the time, but a sort of mild permanent illusion. Sometimes it is a toy horse, in one case communicated to me it was a funny-looking toy lion, more frequently it is the human effigy, the doll, which, as a result of successive acts of imaginative vivification, gets taken up into the relation of permanent companion and pet. Clusters of happy association envelop it, endowing it with a fixed vitality and character. A mother once asked her boy of two years and a half if his doll was a boy or a girl. He said at first 'A boy,' but presently correcting himself added, 'I think it is a baby.'

#### "THE NEW MINERALOGY"

"The study of the properties of minerals—physical, chemical and optical—was carefully made and verified over and over again," says Mr. Grimsley, "but the question of origin was unsettled; in many cases it was even impossible to conjecture.

"So its devotees," he continues, "sought a means of revealing and proving this problem of origin, and then arose what we may term the *new mineralogy*. Germany and France have equal share in the honor of founding the science of mineralogy, but to France belongs the credit of original active investigation into the origin of minerals. This feature of new sciences is becoming quite prominent, and one would infer that there was a very great awakening in the scientific world, for we hear of the new astronomy, the new chemistry, and the new geology; but it is not so much new science, as old science studied by new methods brought about by the great underlying law of the universe, progression, which causes the new of to-day to become the old of to-morrow. The new mineralogy endeavors to solve the problem of origin by the reproduction, artificially, of the mineral, using similar agents and like conditions, as in Nature. While attempts were made to reproduce minerals early in the century and even near the end of the preceding one, the important work has been done since the year 1850, which date may be taken as the beginning of synthetic mineralogy. Through the eighteenth century came many suggestions on the artificial formation of minerals, followed by the crude attempts at the reproduction of petrifications and incrustations. Unsuccessful attempts finally led to the successful reproduction of marble by James Hall in 1801, the first mineralogical synthesis and the beginning of experimental geology."

#### "The North American Review"

THE NEW LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England opens the September *North American Review* with a tribute to his predecessor, telling several good stories by the way. Senator H. C. Lodge reviews "The Results of Democratic Victory," as seen by him; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding considers "Catholicism and Apism"; W. H. Mallock studies "The Significance of Modern Poverty"; the Hon. Augustine Heard, late U. S. Minister to Korea, Durham White Stevens, Counselor of the Japanese Legation at Washington, and Howard Martin, ex-Secretary of Legation at Peking, write on "China and Japan in Korea"; Rear-Admiral Crosby tells the story of "Our Little War with China" in 1854; the Rev. Prof. W. G. Blaikie writes of "The Peasantry of Scotland"; Richard Mansfield dispenses wisdom "Concerning Acting"; Hiram S. Maxim deals with "The Development of Aerial Navigation"; Mark Twain concludes his "Defence of Harriet Shelley"; William S. Walsh attacks "The Conceited Sex"; C. H. Crandall talks of "The Tendencies of the Turf"; Alvan F. Sanborn classifies "The Reading of Poor Children"; George Stewart speaks of "Restless French Canada"; and "The Good Government Clubs" are described by the Secretary of their Council, Preble Tucker.

#### LORD COLERIDGE AND MR. EVARTS

Lord Russell gives the following account of his predecessor's interviews with the great New York lawyer, and with a Chicago reporter:—

"Lord Coleridge:—'Pray, Mr. Evarts, how do clients pay their lawyers with you?' Mr. Evarts:—'Well, my Lord, they pay a retaining fee, it may be \$50, or it may be \$5,000, or \$50,000.' Lord Coleridge:—'Yes; and what does that cover?' Mr. Evarts:—'Oh! that is simply the retainer. The rest is paid for as the work is done, and according to the work done.' Lord Coleridge:—'Yes,

Mr. Evarts, and do clients like that?' Mr. Evarts:—'Not a bit, my Lord, not a bit. They generally say, "I guess, Mr. Evarts, I should like to know how deep down I shall have to go into my breeches pocket to see this business through."'" Lord Coleridge:—'Yes, what do you say then?' Mr. Evarts:—'Well, my Lord, I have invented a formula which I have found answer very well. I say:—"Sir, or Madame, as the case may be, I cannot undertake to say how many *judicial* errors I shall be called upon to correct before I obtain for you final justice."'" \* \* \* Lord Coleridge was a good deal bothered by that product of the nineteenth century, the interviewer, and on his way to Chicago one of these gentlemen, failing otherwise to draw him out, began to belittle the old country in the matter of lakes and rivers and mountains, and even men. Lord Coleridge bore it all patiently; finely, the interviewer said:—'I am told, my Lord, you think a great deal of what you call your great fire of London. Well, I guess that the conflagration we had in the little village of Chicago made your great fire look very small.' To which Lord Coleridge blandly responded:—'Sir, I have every reason to believe that the great fire of London was quite as great as the people at that time desired.'"

#### THE READING OF POOR CHILDREN

Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn of the Andover House gives the following statistics as to the taste of poor children in literature:—

"Daily association and talk with the children leaves no room for doubt that, with their choice allowed free range, fifty per cent. of the entire output would have been fairy stories, and at least half of the remaining fifty per cent. 'war books.' Stories of school and home life, manuals of games and sports, funny books, ballads and narrative poems, and adaptations of natural and applied science are received with some degree of interest. The old favorites, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Swiss Family Robinson,' 'Arabian Nights,' 'Tom Brown,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Mother Goose' charm here as everywhere. Of the standard novelists Cooper, Scott, and Dickens are read, but with no great degree of ardor. Calls for special books may often be traced to changes of programme at the theatres. Thus a temporary demand was created for 'Oliver Twist,' 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'The Three Musketeers,' and even for Tennyson's 'Becket.' The reason for such other special calls as Erckmann-Chatrian's 'Citizen Bonaparte,' Hawthorne's 'House of the Seven Gables,' Scott's 'Marmion,' the lives of Havelock, Clive, Gratton, and Sir Francis Drake, George Eliot's 'Daniel Deronda,' and Tom Moore's 'History of Ireland' can only be surmised. \* \* \* It is interesting to note that the girls read boys' books with avidity, while the boys will not knowingly touch girls' books. If a boy gets a girl's book home by mistake, he hurries it back with the frankest expressions of disgust."

#### "The Cosmopolitan"

PROF. FROUDE begins a series of Great Passions of History with "Anthony and Cleopatra"; Curtis Brown speaks of "The Diversion of Niagara"; Elisa P. Nicholson has a poem, "Leah"; and there is a description of "The Cosmopolitan's New Home." "Fame" is the name of a poem by John B. Tabb; Napoleon Ney writes of "Mussulman Secret Societies"; William Hamilton Gibson contributes a study of "A Masquerade of Stamens," with his own illustrations, of course; Max O'Rell talks of "John Bull and Company" in the British colonies; T. C. Crawford has a fanciful sketch, "The Autobiography of a President"; Florence E. Conates contributes a poem, "Israphel"; Murat Halstead talks of his experiences "With an Invading Army" in 1870-71; Mr. Howells contributes "The Last Letter of the Altrurian"; and Bram Stoker has a short naval story, "The Red Stockade." The illustrations are by Will H. Low, Pierre Cornillier, Charles Toché, F. O. Small and F. Lix.

#### JOHN BULL IN HIS COLONIES

Max O'Rell has visited John Bull at home in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India and the Cape, and has reached the following conclusion:—

"Another conviction that I have acquired in travelling is that nations are like individuals; when they succeed at something, it is because they possess qualities which explain their success. And I hope the reader, when he closes these pages, will be able to explain to himself how the English have succeeded in founding the British Empire. In India is to be seen John Bull Pacha, a grand seigneur followed by gaily-robed servitors who do profound obeisance to him. It is the master in the midst of a subjected

people. In the colonies the conquered races have been suppressed. In Canada you see John Bull quite at home, busy, fat, and flourishing, a pink tip to his nose, and his head snug in a fur cap; it is John Bull in a ball. It is the seal. In Australia you see him long and lean, nonchalant, happy-go-lucky, his face sunburned, his head crowned with a wide-brimmed light felt hat, walking with slow tread, his arms pendent, his legs out of all proportion. It is John Bull drawn out. It is the kangaroo. But it is John Bull still. John Bull Junior, eating his morning porridge, and living just as if he were still in his old island, eating his roast-beef and plum-pudding, and washing it down with tea or whisky. He is hardly changed at all."

#### "The Forum"

THE HON. T. M. COOLEY sums up "The Lessons of Recent Civil Disorders"; Dr. J. M. Rice speaks of "Teaching by Travel: a School Excursion from Indiana to Virginia"; Prof. F. G. Peabody considers "The Proportion of College-Trained Preachers"; Edward Atkinson looks at "Present Industrial Problems in the Light of History"; the Rev. J. H. Barrows sums up some "Results of the Parliament of Religions"; Dr. George F. Shradley speaks of "The Pay of Physicians and Surgeons"; Frederic Harrison gives his estimate of "Macaulay's Place in Literature"; Purushotam Rao Telang descants upon "Home-Life in India: Child-Marriage and Widows"; Woodrow Wilson takes up the question of "University Training and Citizenship"; J. H. Gore, U. S. Commissioner-General to the Antwerp Exposition, talks of "The Profit-Sharing Labor Unions of Antwerp"; and Jacob A. Riis discusses "How to Bring Work and Workers Together."

#### MACAULAY'S WORK

"Macaulay," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "may fairly claim to have had the greatest body of readers, and to be the most admired prose-writer of the Victorian age." It is little short of half a century, he observes, further, since his famous "History" appeared:—"The editions of it in England and in America are counted by thousands; it has six translations into German, and translations into ten other European languages. It made him rich, famous, a peer. Has it given him a foremost place in English literature?"

"Here is a case," Mr. Harrison continues, "where the judgment of the public and the judgment of experts are in striking contrast. The readers both of the Old and of the New World continue to give the most practical evidence that they love his books. Macaulay is a rare example of a writer all of whose works are almost equally popular and believed by many to be equally good. 'Essays,' 'Lays,' 'History,' 'Lives'—all are read by millions: as critic, poet, historian, biographer, Macaulay has achieved world-wide renown. And yet some of our best critics deny him either fine taste, or subtlety, or delicate discrimination, catholic sympathies, or serene judgment. They say he is always more declaimer than thinker—more advocate than judge. The poets deny that the 'Lays' are poetry at all. The modern school of scientific historians declare that the 'History' is a splendid failure, and proves how rotten was the theory on which it was constructed. The purists in style shake their heads over his everlasting antitheses, the mannerism of violent phrases and the perpetual abuse of paradox. His most indulgent friends admit the force of these defects, which they usually speak of as his 'limitations' or his 'methods.' Here, indeed, is an opportunity for one of those long-drawn antitheses of which Macaulay was so great a master. How he would himself have revelled in the paradox."

#### THE VALUE OF LITERATURE

"The worst possible enemy to society," says Mr. Woodrow Wilson in his article on "University Training and Citizenship," is the man who, with a strong faculty for reasoning and for action, is cut loose in his standards of judgment from the past; and universities which train men to use their minds without carefully establishing the connection of their thought with that of the past, are instruments of social destruction. Of course no man's thought is entirely severed from the past or ever can be. But it is worth while to remember that science is no older than the present century, and is apt to despise old thought. At least its young votaries are: not because they are 'scientists,' but because they are only scientists. They are as much pedants, in their narrowness, as the men trained exclusively in the classics, whose thought is all in the past.

"The training that will bring these two extremes together," he continues, "can be obtained by a thorough familiarity with the

masterpieces of English thought and with the efforts of human genius in the field of institutions. \* \* \* We mistake the service of literature when we regard it as merely æsthetic. A literature of such variety as our own is nothing less than the annals of the best thought of our race upon every topic of life and destiny. Even our poets have had an eye for affairs; their visions have been of men and deeds. And, as for reading in the literature of institutions, no self-governing people can long hold together in order and peace without it. It is noteworthy that what remains the greatest text-book of English law, invaluable in spite of all the modern changes which have been hurried forward in the century since it was written, was written for laymen. Blackstone intended his lectures for the gentlemen of England; to enable the men of Oxford to take a place of intelligent authority in society when they should come into their own. With the spirit of our sane literature in us, and the strong flavor of our institutional principles present in all that we do or attempt, we shall be broad men enough, be our special training, in tools or books, what it may. Without this, we can but go astray alike in our private judgments and our public functions."

#### "The Pall Mall Magazine"

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER of this magazine opens with a poem, "Story of a Poppy Leaf," by Priestly Prime, illustrated by L. Linsdell. W. Clark Russell contributes a short story, "So Unnecessary," with illustrations by J. W. West; Poultney Bigelow has an article on "Paddles and Politics" in Bohemia—mostly paddles, illustrated by H. Munchhausen; H. A. Bryden tells a South-African story, "A Desert Mystery"; James Mew has some amusing verses, "Thalia House"; the War Note of the month is "Dragoon Guards," by Arthur Jule Goodman; Walter Besant begins a study of "Westminster House"; "The Journalistic Instinct" is a story by "Belle"; Gen. Lord Roberts contributes the first part of a paper on "Wellington," with illustrations from old prints; Edward Manson gives a biographical sketch of "Nell Gwynn," with portraits and other contemporary illustrations; Henry Herman completes "The Golden Scytheman"; Ernest Hart gives a sketch of the English-born Chereefa of Wazan (Emily Keene); H. Rider Haggard begins the story of "Joan Haste"; and Frank R. Stockton ends "Pomona's Travels." The illustrations are numerous, as usual, the historical ones being of uncommon interest.

#### LIFE AND FICTION

Mr. Zangwill, whose department, "Without Prejudice," alone is well worth the price of the magazine each month, has some fun with Mr. George Moore, and states the novel-writer's case in the following striking way:—

"All novels are written from the novelist's point of view. They are his vision of the world. They are not life, but individual re-fractions of it. The 'ironical pessimism' of Thomas Hardy, as Grant Allen calls it, is as false as the sentimental optimism of Walter Besant or the miso-androus meliorism of Sarah Grand. What Hall Caine (in his essay prefixed to Mr. Mackenzie Bell's fascinating monograph on Whitehead) happily calls 'the scenic view of life' of Dickens is no more true than the philosophic view of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Each is existence viewing itself through a single medium. 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' is as false as 'Lorna Doone' or 'Plain Tales from the Hills.' Life, large, chaotic, inexpressible, not to be bound down by a formula, peeps at itself through the brain of each artist, but eludes photography. This is the true inwardness of the Proteus myth. \* \* \* A good novel may be made out of bad psychology; indeed, this is what most novels are made of. Yet the gentle reader, misled by the simulation of life, makes himself miserable over dabs of black ink on white paper. The failure of two imaginary beings to unite their lives in wedlock brings unhappiness into myriad homes."

#### "McClure's Magazine"

A PORTRAIT OF Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson forms the frontispiece of the September *McClure's*. Mr. Stevenson tells the story of his first book, "Treasure Island." Robert Barr describes *la savate* in "Fighting with Four Fists"; Henry J. W. Dam writes of Prof. Berthelot's theory that chemistry will displace agriculture, in "Foods in the Year 2,000"; Vernon describes Otto Lillienthal's flying machine in "The Flying Man"; H. P. Bowditch considers the question, "Are Composite Photographs Typical Pictures?" and Cy Warman shows, in "The Opening of an Em-



pire," how an area of untold riches can be added to the United States by the irrigation of the West. "With Madness in His Method," by Florence L. Guertin, and "The Finding of Fingal," by Gilbert Parker, are short stories. The Human Documents consist of pictures of Victorien Sardou and Mme. Janauschek.

#### THE FIRST NOVEL

Mr. Stevenson tells the story of "Treasure Island," and makes these observations on first novels in general:—

"Anybody can write a short story—a bad one, I mean—who has industry and paper and time enough; but not everyone may hope to write even a bad novel. It is the length that kills. The accepted novelist may take his novel up and put it down, spend days upon it in vain, and write not any more than he makes haste to blot. Not so the beginner. Human nature has certain rights; instinct—the instinct of self-preservation—forbids that any man (cheered and supported by the consciousness of no previous victory) should endure the miseries of unsuccessful literary toil beyond a period to be measured in weeks. There must be something for hope to feed upon. The beginner must have a slant of wind, a lucky vein must be running, he must be in one of those hours when the words come and the phrases balance themselves—even to begin. And having begun, what a dread looking forward is that until the book shall be accomplished! For so long a time the slant is to continue unchanged, the vein to keep running; for so long a time you must hold at command the same quality of style; for so long a time your puppets are to be always vital, always consistent, always vigorous. I remember I used to look, in those days, upon every three-volume novel with a sort of veneration, as a feat—not possibly of literature—but at least of physical and moral endurance and the courage of Ajax."

#### THE THEORY OF HUMAN FLIGHT

The following opinions expressed by Herr Lillienthal, the inventor of a much-promising flying-machine, are reported in this number:—

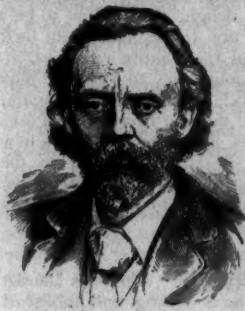
"There are still prominent investigators who will not see that the arched or vaulted wing includes the secret of the art of flight. As we came upon the track of this idea, my brother and I, who were then young and wholly without means, used to spare from our breakfasts, penny by penny, the money to prosecute our investigations; and often the 'struggle for life' compelled us to interrupt them indefinitely. While we were devoting every moment of our spare time to the solution of the problem, almost everyone in Germany regarded the man who would waste his energies in such unproductive labor as a fool. \* \* \* A special commission of experts, organized by the state, had, in fact, laid it down as a fundamental principle, once for all, that it was impossible for a man to fly. German societies for the promotion of aeronautics did not then exist, and those subsequently formed were devoted almost entirely to the interests of ballooning. I have always regarded the balloon; and the exclusive attention which it so long attracted, as a hindrance rather than a help to the development of the art of flight. If it had never been invented, it is probable that more serious investigations would have been prosecuted towards other solutions of the problem. Since the time of Montgolfier nearly all practical efforts have been directed to the improvement of the balloon. But it has nothing in common with the birds, and it is these that we must take as our model and exemplar. What we are seeking is the means of free motion in the air, in any direction. In this the balloon is of no aid; there is no relation between the two systems."

#### "The New England Magazine"

"NEWPORT IN THE Revolution," by C. R. Thurston, opens the number; the article is illustrated. Another paper dealing with the same period is "John Paterson, a Soldier of the Revolution"; "America through the Spectacles of the Old English Potter," by Edwin A. Barber, deals with the pottery made in England for the American market during the fifty years following the Revolution; Frank T. Robinson chats of "Quaint Essex"; Winfield Thompson writes of "Damariscove," the famous Maine island; Prof. D. D. Slade, who was Parkman's classmate at Harvard, gives his reminiscences of the historian in "In the White Mountains with Francis Parkman in 1841"; and Robert Haversham, the Georgia poet of the early part of this century, is the subject of an article by Lloyd McKim Garrison. There are short stories by Charles G. Rogers, Edward P. Jackson and others, and a poem by Edward W. Barnard.

#### The Lounger

MR. HALL CAINE—a review of whose latest book, "The Manxman," will be found on page 132 of this week's *Critic*—is one of the few authors who look as their readers might expect



them to. The poet is apt to look like a prosperous broker, the political economist like a priest. Mr. Caine has the intense and earnest expression that one would naturally associate with the author of "The Scapegoat" and "The Manxman." Mr. Caine is something of a recluse, and it is said that he has no taste for being lionized. He had to be in London for a few days after the appearance of "The Manxman," but hid from his friends and escaped to his little island before he could be caught. Mr. Caine and Mr. Kipling are somewhat alike in their shrinking from publicity. Only, the one shrinks because he is shy, and the other because he does not wish to be bored.

\* \* \*

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS, now in London, has been interviewed by the *Daily Chronicle*, which devotes more space to books and authors than any other daily paper in that city. Mr. Matthews lends himself gracefully to the wiles of the interviewer, and we glean a number of interesting notes and comments in the course of the interview. One is "that the demand for British books simply as British books is rapidly dying out in America, and that many authors whose books sold largely in the days of piracy may find that now there is no effective demand for them on the other side." This is a wise-sounding statement, but what does it mean? What "British books simply as British books" did we ever demand? Don't we read as many British books to-day as we ever did? I think that statistics will prove that we do. We read a great many American books, too, but I see no falling-off in the demand for the writings of our English cousins. Mr. Matthews is so loyal to American authors—or should I say opposed to English authors?—that he sometimes out-screaches the Eagle. I do not believe that there is the slightest falling-off in the demand for English books, no matter what they are accepted "as." There are probably more American authors published to-day than there were fifty years ago, because there are more authors and more readers, and the same may be said of British authors. Take any publisher's list, and see if we are not getting the best of England as well as of our own.

\* \* \*

WHEN SPEAKING OF the magazines, Mr. Matthews is quite right. "It is," he says, "a noteworthy fact that not a single English magazine is to be seen on the American bookstalls, as our magazines are seen here." You may go to the most remote town in England, and if it has a railway station, it has a news-stand, and if it has a news-stand, you can buy *Harper's*, *The Century* and *Scribner's* there, not only at the same time that you could in America, but for the same price—*Harper's* for a little less. English people are trying to find out why the American magazines have so much larger circulations in England than any of their own. The answer is obvious—they are so much better. But why are they so much better? Mr. Besant has probably discovered one reason when he says, as quoted in last week's *Critic*:—"The English editor does too many other things [possibly his salary makes this necessary]; in the States the editor—always a man of proved ability—is engaged to give his whole time, all his thoughts, all his ability, to the conduct of his paper." No man can successfully edit a magazine with one hand. He must do it with both hands and all his might and main.

\* \* \*

THIS IS AN AGE of pilgrims—as my punning friend would say, "a pilgrim-age." There are, of course, the religious pilgrims, who have been going their various ways for centuries, but it is not of these I speak. A new sort has sprung into existence. The Cook's tourists are more or less of this class, but, not including them, there are Historical Pilgrims, University Extension Pilgrims, and Art Pilgrims—bands of devoted men and women who travel about in the summer-time and imbibe information in the course of their junketing. Some of the most interesting of these pilgrim bands are composed of University Extensionists, one of which has recently been visiting the points of interest in this city. They are an eager and enthusiastic lot of people who find that there is

nothing like travel to open the eyes and expand the mind. A smaller band is composed of art-students, men and women, under the leadership of Mr. Frank V. Du Mond, a painter of rare charm. They are spending their summer at Crécy-en-Brie, an old town not many miles from Paris. There they have pitched their easels, and are working with the wild delight that seems to be a part of the art-student's life. They are to be away from their homes in America for five months, and their entire expenses, including passage, board and tuition, amount only to \$310. Think of what they get for those few hundreds! If they never go again, something has come into their lives that nothing hereafter can take out. The atmosphere they breathe is not to be found in a new country, no matter how picturesque. It comes from the life, the traditions of centuries, from ruined castles, from ancient cathedrals, from successive schools of art and generations of artists. Happy students—and happy and ingenious master!

MR. R. H. SHERARD has taken a chapter on "Alphonse Daudet at Home" from the life of the novelist he is writing, and published it in *The St. James's Budget*. It is interesting, for Daudet is an interesting man, and Mr. Sherard knows how to "write up" interesting people. Daudet, when in Paris, lives in the Faubourg St. Germain, on the fourth floor of a house reported to have the most elegant staircase in any apartment-house in that city. M. Daudet's rooms are not overloaded with furniture and bric-à-brac, as are those of MM. Dumas and Zola. His writing-desk is big and ornamental, and his study looks out over a pleasant garden. Daudet was very poor when he was a boy. His father was a small tradesman at Nîmes, and the home was a lamentable one. "I



have no recollection of home," he said, "which is not a sorrowful one, a recollection of tears. The baker who refuses bread; the servant whose wages could not be paid and who declares that she will stay on without wages and becomes familiar in consequence, and says 'thou' to her master; the mother always in tears; the father always scolding." Daudet's brother, Erneste, seems to have social ambitions, for he has tried to trace his genealogy from a noble family. Alphonse is indifferent on the subject. He says:—"Whatever we were at one time, we had come very low down in the world when I came into existence, and my childhood was as miserable a one as can be fancied."

"TO MANY READERS," says the genial "Droch," writing of "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" in *Life*, "this novel will appeal as the latest expression of the foremost living writer of fiction in English." My dear sir, are you laboring under the impression that Stevenson, Kipling and Barrie are dead? Then, possibly, though perhaps not even then, Mr. Meredith will hold the position you have thrust upon him. But you are not alone. There are others suffering from this delusion, which, like so many delusions, passes the comprehension of those not laboring under it.

CHICAGO IS A GREAT and growing city, and justly proud of her size, wealth, energy, and ready acceptance of all that makes for culture. When dwellers in other cities lay undue stress on the purely physical side of her development, she promptly resents it. Yet a representative business house, the Michigan Stove Co., when it prints a neat, little, condensed guide to the city, as a souvenir of the World's Fair, gives as its first reason for predicting that "Chicago is destined to be the first city of America" the fact that it is "the largest hog market in the world." The fact that it has "the largest library circulation in the world" is only the nineteenth ground of confidence in its future. From a pamphlet emanating from the same source, I learn that Dr. Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College from 1804 till 1866, was the inventor of a base-burning stove which stood in the experiment room of the College from the time when anthracite coal was first used for heating dwellings, till it was shipped to the World's Fair in 1893.

*The Yellow Book* certainly gets all the gratuitous advertising it deserves, and more, too. As columns of abuse are of more commercial value than columns of silence, neither the editors nor pub-

lishers can find fault with its reception. It has attracted attention. *The Yellow Book* has brought in the yellow gold, and its purpose is fulfilled. This, which I clip from *The Westminster Budget*, is the sort of amusing thing it calls forth:—

"'Twas Lane and Mathews who arose  
And raked the green young studios  
To give the world a start.  
They filled a flaring 'Yellow Book,'  
Then clamoured to the Public, 'Look!  
Here's Literature—and Art!'"

"And there were harpies, lank and lean,  
With snouts mysteriously obscene;  
And squeaking youths cried 'Damn!'  
And bragged of callow sins, with 'Oh!  
If my mamma could only know  
How bold, how bad I am!"

"Some said 'How clever!' some 'How vile!'  
The man of sense, 'twixt yawn and smile,  
Just voted it a bore.  
That 'Yellow Book,' of meanings dim,  
A yellow nuisance was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

### Boston Letter

THAT THE LAST YEARS of Francis H. Underwood's life were embittered by the feeling that he was not thoroughly appreciated in his native State, is made certain by letters which Arthur Warren, now in England, received from him and last week sent to this side of the water. That Mr. Underwood, however, made several unjust statements in these letters, is equally certain. It is probable that his temperament was too sensitive; that he thought he detected neglect where nothing of the kind was intended. He seemed to feel that he had outgrown Boston's world, that his old friends had forgotten him, and that the younger generation would not take him up. The facts were that he returned to a busy, bustling city, and, failing to leap again into prominence, supposed that the cold shoulder had been turned upon him. As a fact, however, his words were always accepted with esteem, his opinions valued highly, and his writings welcomed by the critical with favor; only, he did not reach the highest notch of popularity. And yet he felt so sensitively his failure to arouse more enthusiasm, that he declared that, if he returned again to America after his second consulship, he would give up Boston and reside in New York.

Writing in his personal letter to Mr. Warren about "Quabbin," Mr. Underwood quoted what a number of prominent authors had said about his work, adding:—"I suppose I can truthfully say that no other American book in five years has had the quality and quantity of praise which 'Quabbin' has received. It is in bad taste for me to be writing this, but I have no literary friends. I am old, and have outgrown them." And then he fired a hot shot into the newspapers and the American magazines. Some of the papers, he said, had a bad habit of making conventional notices of books, meaning nothing and making no impression; one paper "sent one of its Amazons, who exploited the book by picking out passages and bits." He added:—"Did you ever think about American magazines? Not one of them will give a notice of a book which is not published by the publishers of the magazine." This latter statement is not absolutely true. It was also unjust for Mr. Underwood to speak about his publishers as "allowing his book to go to the dogs." As a fact they did everything possible for the work—more, probably, than he realized. And simply because "Quabbin" did not touch the general public, he thought that his publishers were to blame. It was a work naturally attractive to the literary world, and to lovers of natural, faithful description. But the publishers probably knew better than its author that it would not reach the masses. There is one interesting statement in this letter of Mr. Underwood's, showing the care he took in preparing the work. "Quabbin," he said, cost him two years of labor; part of the story was written four or five times, and no part less than three times. The manuscript itself was type-written twice.

How sore Mr. Underwood felt is shown by this quotation from another letter:—"When I returned to Boston, now two years ago, hardly a man remained whom I had known. Besides, it was reported that I wore gaiters and had acquired a British manner and accent. I had little time to renew old friendships, for I was poor (had met with losses), and was at work on new books to refill my purse. Three books were published in the fifteen months that I was there. My old friends were mostly dead, and the new generation either made game of me or wholly neglected me."



And then he had grape and canister to pour out against one man, well known in the Boston literary world. One paper, he said, was friendly, but "it would not have been if F—S— had been at home. That Ishmaelite has banged me for every book I have written in 20 years, because I did not follow his dictatorial advice when I made my 'Handbook of American Authors.' I suppose few men have suffered so much from his abuse—which is saying a good deal." And he closed with these prophetic words:—"I trust at the end of my consulate to find some other resting-place than Boston." It is sad to think that Mr. Underwood so misunderstood Boston, and so misunderstood the sentiment of his friends here. He was over-sensitive.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has been well remembered of late in the wills of rich people. Arthur Rotch, the well-known architect, of whose death I wrote last week, gave \$25,000 to the institution, in which he always took deep interest, and which he served as Trustee. The Museum has also received, by the will of the late James W. Page, \$30,000, to provide an income to enable proficient pupils of the institution to study art in Europe for two years. The gift is, however, dependent upon the raising of an additional \$10,000 within five years. The death of Mary W. Hyde releases the property left by her husband, George W. Hyde. He left \$14,000 for the erection of a statue of Rufus Choate, and \$20,000 for a public library at Brookfield. The remainder of his property, estimated at nearly \$50,000, is to go to the Art Museum. Mr. Denio, who died recently, also left the Museum \$50,000, payable upon the death of his wife. Besides these larger gifts there have been a number of small ones, of which, however, I will mention but one. That is a china punch-bowl and salver, given by Miss Belinda L. Randall, of Roxbury, a descendant of Samuel Adams. The bowl was given by the Marquis of Lafayette to Adams, and was presented to Miss Randall by the latter. It is a curious affair on account of its decoration, Lafayette's coat-of-arms being drawn upon it in the odd style of the Chinese artist. A portrait of the second Mrs. Samuel Adams was also given to the Museum by Miss Randall.

Very sudden, indeed, was the announcement of Mrs. Celia Thaxter's death. The sad news was the first intimation here of her illness. Indeed, a friend of mine, who called upon her last Thursday evening at her island home, told me that she then appeared to be in the best of health—and in the best of spirits also. It was neuralgia of the heart that carried her away at midnight on Sunday. She had been ill for two days, but, to all outward appearance, not dangerously so.

BOSTON, Aug. 28, 1894. CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### London Letter

IF EVER LONDON can be justly said to be empty, it might be described as in that condition during the present week. Society went down a good month ago, of course, and now the literary world has followed; and those of us who are left in London in August find that, if the weather is less intolerable than in the torrid summer of 1893, the clubs are no less deserted and amusement as far to seek. As for those still less fortunate whose duty is the conveyance of news, we are indeed in a parlous state. Where there is no event, there is no history; where there are none to gossip, there can be but little prophecy, and I confess that I have seldom known a duller time in town than that through which we are passing at the present moment. At the same time there come occasionally rumors of the forthcoming publishing season to enliven us; and, as I have already hinted, the autumn and spring seem likely to be peculiarly prolific in volumes of memoirs and reminiscences. Among them will be a life of Sir Andrew Clark, which will be of peculiar interest because Mr. Gladstone will contribute to it an appreciation of the great physician, founded (it is unnecessary to add) on a singularly close and intimate acquaintance. Even more interesting to the general reader will be the memoir of Maria Edgeworth, which is being prepared by her stepmother, and which Mr. Edward Arnold hopes to have ready before Christmas. This entertaining biography will contain reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Hallam, Lockhart, Mme. de Stael and many others, and, if the material has only been used to advantage, it ought to be one of the most valuable memoirs of recent years. Far less valuable, of course, from a literary point of view, but still of attraction to the journalist and the Bohemian, will be Mr. John Hollingshead's "My Lifetime," which will make a later appearance, some time in 1895. The makers of fiction and of the drama, especially those of the last generation, have passed through Mr. Hollingshead's ken; he has new stories, it is said, of Dickens and

of Thackeray, of Phelps and of Disraeli, and presumably will have much to say of the growth of the New Burlesque which, in the old days of the Gaiety, he himself did so much to foster.

Perhaps, however, the best piece of news this week is the announcement that Mr. Shadwell of Oriel College, Oxford, is going to make a collection of the scattered writings of Mr. Walter Pater, with a view to preserving everything that deserves permanent recognition. Mr. Shadwell is eminently competent to undertake the difficult and delicate task, and the performance of it will earn him the gratitude of all lovers of good literature. It is also proposed to evolve a memoir of Pater from a series of appreciations from the hands of the various friends who were best acquainted with him in private life. Such a selection will be no easy one, for Mr. Pater's kindly interest in all attempts toward good work led him to give much personal assistance and many evidences of encouragement to a very large number of the young literary men of the day—all of whom, it is to be presumed, will be anxious to add their tribute. As yet, I believe, nothing has been settled in the matter; the idea is merely in the air.

With the end of next month we may definitely expect Mr. Austin Dobson's new volume of "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," which are already, I believe, in the press. There are to be thirteen essays in all, dedicated to Mr. Walter Besant. A limited large-paper edition will also be issued. Mr. Dobson's brother-in-law, Mr. Edmund Gosse, will probably be a little later with his new book of poems. It will bear the pretty and fanciful title of "In Russet and Silver," a name which implies that Mr. Gosse regards the volume as the product of his middle life. There will be a number of verses hitherto unpublished, as well as those which have appeared in *The Athenaeum* and other periodicals during the last eight or nine years.

Some time ago I mentioned in these columns that Mr. Harry Furniss had seceded from the ranks of *Punch* and was projecting a humorous weekly of his own. For the last few months he has been hard at work carrying his plans into execution, and has just registered a limited liability company under the style of "Lika Joko, Limited," to work the paper, the first number of which will appear shortly. But before it takes London by storm, Mr. C. N. Williamson, the late editor of *Black and White*, will float his new illustrated paper, *The Hour*, upon which he has been occupied for a long while. Truly, the varieties of journalism are endless.

Among the fiction of the forthcoming season, Mr. Walter Besant's work will hold a conspicuous place. His volume of short stories, "In Deacon's Orders," will be ready in October; he has also on the stocks "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," in three volumes, and, in a different mood, a collection of social essays, to be named "As We Are: As We May Be." All these books, I understand, will see the light during the course of the next twelve months. Something of a sensation, moreover, is promised in the shape of a full-length novel by Mrs. Mona Caird in which, after considerable silence, she will return to the charge with a re-statement of her views upon the marriage problem. This story with a purpose is to be called "The Daughters of Danaus," and is promised for the end of September. Another book which is likely to be noteworthy will proceed from the pen of Mr. James Baker, whose "Mark Tillotson" has attracted so much favorable attention. It is entitled "The Forgotten Great Englishman," and is, as its title suggests, historical in character. George Egerton (Mrs. Clairmonte) has also finished another collection of short stories, characteristically termed "Discords," which is to be among the publications of the coming autumn.

It will be interesting to hear the degree of success which attends Mr. Stopford Brooke's delivery of the Lowell lectures in Boston. Mr. Brooke is one of the few clergymen in London who have a following entirely their own. Some years ago he was a pastor of the Church of England, but, finding certain of the doctrines difficult of acceptance, he migrated to Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, where he practically instituted a sect of his own. At one time his services were enormously attended; latterly, I believe, there has been a falling-off. In the morning of Sunday his sermon is theological, in the evening literary, and it is from these latter that he has redrawn most of the material which has gone to the making of those critical works for which he is justly established in high repute. His latest volume, a study of Tennyson, has had considerable success in this country, and speedily passed into a second edition. Without being in any sense a great critic, he has always something luminous and suggestive to say of his subject, and it will be surprising if American audiences do not raise him into some of the popularity which he enjoys in the mother country.

I hear that Mr. Hall Caine is the daily recipient of enthusias-

tic congratulations upon "The Manxman," and that his literary brothers are practically unanimous in declaring this magnificent novel to be one of the greatest triumphs of the creative art produced during the present century. The result of its success will not stop short at fame, either. The men of the market are ready to give for the serial rights of his novel no less than twice the sum he has as yet obtained, and the competition among editors will be lively during the next few months, until Mr. Caine has signed away the possession of his next serial. No doubt, in America, too, there will be an equal enthusiasm. It is a great hour for Mr. Caine, and one deserved.

LONDON, Aug. 18, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### "The Gods, Some Mortals," etc.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

We have noticed a paragraph in your issue of the 11th in respect of "John Oliver Hobbes," which contains statements that are hardly correct. It is true that she has nearly "finished a novel of the regulation size," but there is no truth in your statement that "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham" (such is the title), which is the author's longest and most considerable effort, "will be published in London by Mr. Unwin and probably by the Messrs. Appleton in New York." Both the English and the American rights are in our hands. We intend to publish the book here in one volume. We may add that, up to the time of writing, we have made no arrangement whatever as to the issue in America.

HENRY & CO.

6 BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, Aug. 22, 1894.

### The Bicentennial of Halle-Wittenberg

THE LIVES of great institutions of learning are calculated not by ordinary years but by decades, generations and cycles. The celebration of a university's birthday, therefore, is a moment not of everyday occurrence, but is an event that marks an epoch, or signifies a distinct advance toward maturity in the knowledge of mankind and in the history of the world's culture and civilization. Such a birthday has just been celebrated by the University of Halle, a seat of learning whose influence and reputation have spread over the world. On August 1, 2, 3 and 4, this University, which bears the official title *Die königliche vereinigte Friedrichs-Universität Halle-Wittenberg*, celebrated with appropriate ceremony and pomp the two-hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Representatives not alone from Germany but from every great nation were present to participate in this jubilee as a festival of importance in university annals. The University, moreover, is one that is especially attended by students of philosophy, theology, medicine and jurisprudence from America, and eleven American colleges sent delegates as representatives. Among the gifts which were presented on the occasion was a handsome memorial in the form of a testimonial, to which were attached the signatures of nearly a hundred literary and professional men from the United States, who had received instruction within the halls of Halle, and who took this opportunity to express both their hearty congratulations and their grateful acknowledgments to the noble institution as Alma Mater.

The University of Halle was more or less the child of the Reformation, an outgrowth of the resultant freer thought created in the intellectual and religious world. The anniversary now celebrated is that of the institution's foundation in 1694, when the University was incorporated by Frederick III., last Elector of Brandenburg and first King of Prussia. It was dedicated on his birthday, and the designation "Friderician," which it still bears, is a token of grateful remembrance of the founder. The basis of the University, however, had already been laid by two men destined for fame: the eminent jurist Thomasius, and the distinguished theologian and philanthropist August Hermann Francke. The liberality of their views—esteemed too liberal for the times—had drawn both these scholars from elsewhere to Halle, where more freedom of thought was to be found, and where on the small cornerstone of the existing High School they laid the first foundations for the edifice of the time-honored University. Both these men served as professors to represent their respective faculties, and it was not long before the faculties of philosophy and medicine also were manned and equipped. From that day to the present, including the late world-renowned surgeon Volkmann, whose statue was unveiled as part of the ceremonies, the University of Halle has ever numbered on its rolls some of the most distinguished names of the learned world. In 1817 it received further strength from

having the old-renowned University of Wittenberg incorporated into its faculty; and from that year dates the present official title which recognizes the institution as the united University of Halle-Wittenberg. Two centuries ago the modest sum of about \$5000 sufficed for the annual needs of the infant university; to-day the annual income and expenditures could hardly be reckoned at less than \$3,500,000. The college buildings are situated in the midst of the city itself—a town famous in the Middle Ages for its salt works, and at present a city of over 100,000 inhabitants. The clinical buildings are especially fine and serve as a model for other universities.

The city looked its brightest to do honor to the jubilee and to welcome the guests that came from all parts of the college world to offer their gifts, good wishes and congratulations on the festive occasion. The streets, hung with flags and lined with eager on-lookers, presented a holiday appearance towards evening, on Aug. 1, when Prince Albrecht of Prussia, representative of the Emperor, arrived to take part in the ceremonies. The students of the University, in their gala-colored silk corps-suits and characteristic tiny round student-caps perching on the side of the head, were ready at the station to meet his Highness. With banners and parade-swords, and with torches in hand, they led the way as the imperial representative was received by the Rector Magnificus, Prof. D. Beyschlag of the Theological Faculty.

On the following morning, Aug. 2, after service at the Cathedral and an address by the University Chaplain, the Faculty and honorary guests proceeded to the great hall of the University, where Prince Albrecht formally delivered Emperor William's message of good wishes and presented to the University the portrait which his Majesty had had painted for the occasion. Delegates from the universities and colleges of many nations then offered their salutations, gifts and remembrances; all of which were received by Rector Beyschlag in a series of brief acknowledgments unsurpassed for charm of tone, readiness of thought and aptness of expression.

Equally interesting was the third day of the celebration. As the festal procession of college dignitaries and invited guests marched in full regalia of university attire to the old church in the marketplace, the citizens from the thronged windows gave expressions of welcome by showers of roses that almost recalled the days of knight-errantry in a mediæval town. It was quite charming to see more than one grave scholar laying formality aside for the moment, in striving to catch some dainty floral prize. At the church the commemorative address was delivered by the Rector, and the University took advantage of the occasion to bestow honor alike upon distinguished scholars and upon herself by conferring degrees upon a number of men of foremost rank for learning. Among these was the name of the American, President Francis A. Walker, of the Ethnological Institute of Massachusetts, honored for his contributions in the field of statistics. Nor last nor least in the list was found Germany's most famous scientist, Helmholtz; and with the honor of his degree was added the heartfelt and hopeful wish for the recovery of his now failing health.

The sterner side of the celebration, however, was not unrelieved by lighter elements. The afternoon river-party on the Saale, the evening display of fireworks, for which thanks were due to the Mayor and citizens of Halle, the University banquet with its toasts from many lands, as well as the evening devoted to a great "Bierkommers" in true German university fashion—were all pleasant features of the festivities.

The last day of the jubilee was spent in a visit to Halle's sister-university city, Wittenberg. Many were the associations called up by the visit to this mediæval town—that well-spring of the Reformation, whose name will ever be connected alike with the world's most famous professor, Martin Luther, and the world's most famous student, Hamlet, as one of the speeches happily expressed it. And as the great assemblage parted, with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret, all felt that the occasion was one they would long remember, and of which the University of Halle-Wittenberg might rightly be proud, as a jewel in the crown of her still growing fame.

BERLIN, Aug. 16, 1894.

A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON.

THE Edinburgh Edition of Mr. Stevenson's novels (Scribner) will contain some early papers of his, such as "The Philosophy of an Umbrella," "The Pentland Rising," written in 1866, his unsigned contributions to *The Portfolio*, and a part of the suppressed account of his voyage to the United States as a steerage passenger, "a journey," says *The Athenæum*, "which nearly ended the author's life."



## Celia Thaxter

CELIA LAIGHTON THAXTER died suddenly on Aug. 26, at Appledore House, Isles of Shoals. She was born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1836, and spent the years of her childhood and youth on Appledore Island, where her father tended the lighthouse, and where, in 1851, she married Levi Lincoln Thaxter, the interpreter of Browning's poetry. The greater part of her life thereafter was also passed in her island home, and from it and the surrounding sea she drew the inspiration that gives so distinctive and



refreshing quality to her verse. Her works are "Poems" (1872), "Among the Isles of Shoals," in part a history of her early life (1873), "Drift-Weed" (1879), "Poems for Children" (1884), "The Cruise of the 'Mystery,' and Other Poems" (1886), and "An Island Garden" (1894). During several years of her married life Mrs. Thaxter spent part of her time in Boston, but since her husband's death she had settled permanently among the flowers of the Island Garden of which she wrote with so much love, and severed all connection with the outside world. The portrait presented herewith is from the *Tribune*.

## The Drama

### "The Victoria Cross"

MR. PAUL M. POTTER wrote this play to suit Mr. Sothern's qualities as an actor, and we are afraid that he has succeeded a little too well. The play fits the actor, no doubt, but it fits him like a glove that is too tight: it suggests an over-careful study of all the situations and climaxes, tricks and devices that were most effective in the popular young actor's former plays; and the playgoer who is well acquainted with Mr. Sothern's repertory can easily recognize some of the approaching climaxes in the early stages of their development, which detracts, of course, from the effect produced. Still, the play has much in its favor. The plot is dramatic, its background picturesque. To the popularity of Mr. Kipling's stories we owe, no doubt, more or less indirectly the selection of an outpost in the Himalayas as the scene of action, and the military tenor of the play; and there is a family likeness between his frisky widow and the dramatist's Mrs. Bonamy Price. From this no charge of plagiarism should be inferred. On the contrary, the play is entirely Mr. Potter's own; only, experienced hand that he is, he saw the picturesque opportunities for scene-painter and costumer, of which Mr. Sothern's manager has made such excellent use.

The story is soon told. Ralph Seton, V. C. (Mr. Sothern), late of the Ninth Lancers, but now a clergyman of the Church of England by command of his rich clerical grandfather, is sent by the Bishop of Calcutta to Rampore, a native state in the Himalayas, at the request of the resident Government agent's sister, who is a lady with proselytizing proclivities. The agent, Gen. Sir Allan Strathallan, is an Anglo-Indian of the old type, believing in a high hand and a short shrift. He has antagonized the natives in many ways, and everything is ripe for revolt when he starts, on Christmas day, on an expedition against the hill tribes, leaving his daughter Joan, his sister and his two nieces in the care of Ralph Seton, and of two of the latter's military friends. Ahmedoollah, the Vizier of the Nawab of Rampore, has prepared everything for the rising, and is

anxious only to gain possession of Joan, whom he has wooed in vain. Seton, who is his rival and has insulted him, is doomed; and the widow, who lives in luxury without visible sources of income, is forced to become the native official's accomplice. Gen. Strathallan's expedition is cut to pieces, and the bungalow, with its small garrison of Englishmen and a few natives, beleaguered by the blood-intoxicated Sepoys. The cowardice of Gerald Strathallan, the General's son, is responsible for much, and he disappears, afraid to meet his father, who returns, alone of all his troops, to find that all is lost. He accuses his absent son, but Seton takes upon himself the guilt, and the old warrior tears from his breast the Victoria Cross, declaring him unworthy to bear it. The third act ends with the unexpected arrival of the English troops.

Mr. Sothern dances Sir Roger de Coverley with a broken arm, takes upon himself the stigma of cowardice that should rest upon the brother of the girl he loves, stands upon a wall to let the natives shoot at him, and does various other noble things natural with stage heroes; only, he does more of them than is usual in one play. Still, to the many people who go to see Mr. Sothern in all his parts, "The Victoria Cross" will be satisfactory in every way; in fact, with judicious revision it may be made to deserve a good run. Mr. Potter should give his attention especially to the serious part of Act III., and suppress his evident predilection for the farcical when writing comedy. The scenery is superb, and a passing word of praise may be given to Mr. Lawrence's tasteful costume as Ahmedoollah, the Vizier. The acting was satisfactory throughout.

### "A Night Off" at Daly's

THE RETURN of Mr. Daly's company to its own home after a long absence abroad was enough of an attraction to draw a large audience to Daly's Theatre on Monday night. The play, "A Night Off," is an old favorite, and is just the sort of play for an August season. It served to reintroduce such old friends as Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Mr. James Lewis and Mr. Leclercq, the two former being received with an amount of applause that must have been almost embarrassing even to actors so accustomed to it. Of Mrs. Gilbert it may be truly said that age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety. She is as sparkling and as sprightly to-day as she was twenty-five years ago, when she joined Mr. Daly's company of comedians. The same may be said of Mr. Lewis, whose humor bubbles with perennial freshness. It is not what he says, but the way he says it, that makes Mr. Lewis unique. It is his intense earnestness that causes the tears of laughter to roll down one's cheeks.

Mr. Daly's company has been greatly strengthened by the acquisition of Mr. Henry Dixey, who made his first appearance in its ranks on Monday night. The Marcus Brutus Snap of that gentleman was as neat a bit of comedy acting as has been seen in this city in a long time. No one who saw it is likely to forget the way he "discovered" the letter lying "centre stage." Mr. Dixey has now an opportunity to make a reputation for himself such as he was not likely to make in farces of the character of "Adonis." It is said that he always wished an opportunity to play "the legitimate," and it looks as if he were going to make the most of it. Miss Rehan was not in the cast of "A Night Off"—a fact which Miss Percy Haswell did not allow us to forget.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Notes

THE funeral services of the late George Inness, the landscape painter, were held in the Council Room of the National Academy of Design on August 23. Mr. Inness was a Swedenborgian, and the proceedings were carried out in accordance with the usage of that faith. The coffin was covered with flowers and backed by a screen of foliage. A bronze bust of the dead artist, the work of his son-in-law, Mr. J. S. Hartley, was placed at its foot. Among the many artists who were present were Messrs John Lafarge, Thomas Moran, Walter Shirlaw, George Inness, Jr., J. S. Hartley, F. S. Church and George H. Story.

—D. Appleton & Co. announce that Dr. Mombert, author of "Charles the Great" and for a number of years American Chaplain at Dresden, will issue this autumn "Raphael's Sistine Madonna," a critical and interpretative study, embellished with photogravures made after the original at Dresden, and the related paintings in the Barberini, Pitti and Bologna Galleries, for the first time printed together, in a quarto *édition de luxe*, containing also about sixty pages of letter-press.

## Notes

TEN YEARS AGO *The Critic* celebrated Dr. Holmes's seventy-fifth birthday in a number that contained tributes to the Autocrat from Matthew Arnold, Louisa Alcott, Dr. Bartol, Prof. Boyesen, Phillips Brooks, James Freeman Clarke, John Burroughs, Rose Terry Cooke, Christopher P. Cranch, Mary Mapes Dodge, Edward Eggleston, John Fiske, Richard Watson Gilder, O. B. Frothingham, Edward Everett Hale, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Bret Harte, Dr. William T. Harris, Lord Houghton, Paul Hayne, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Dr. Hedge, Mr. Stedman, Mrs. Stowe, Edith M. Thomas, Maurice Thompson, Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. Whittier and many others. Since that day several members of this brilliant host have left us, and their memory mingles a touch of melancholy with the pride all America feels in Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the affection it bears to him, who, on Aug. 29, celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. In the *Boston Advertiser* it is said that the Autocrat is looking well, walks a mile every morning, and drives a dozen miles every afternoon. He is quoted as saying:—

"The burden of years sits lightly upon me as compared with the weight it seems to many less advanced in age than myself. But after three score years and twenty, the encroachments of time make themselves felt with rapidly increasing progress. When one can no longer hear the lark, when he can no longer recognize the faces he passes in the street, when he has to watch his steps, when it becomes more and more difficult for him to recall names, he is reminded at every movement that he must spare himself, or Nature will not spare him the penalties she exacts for overtaxing his declining powers. The twelfth septennial period has always seemed to me as one of the natural boundaries of life. One who has lived to complete his eighty-fifth year has had his full share, even of an old man's allowance. Whatever is granted is a prodigal indulgence on the part of nature."

"I am often asked whether I am writing my autobiography, to which my answer is: I am in the habit of dictating many of my recollections, some of my thoughts and opinions, to my secretary, who has, in this way, accumulated a considerable mass of notes. Many of these will be interesting to my family and intimates, some of them, perhaps, to a wider public if I should see fit to make use of them, or leave them to be made use of by others. It is the one thing a person long past the active period of life can do with ease and pleasure; and, in the midst of much that might as well, perhaps, perish with the writer, will, not improbably, be found memoranda deserving of permanent record."

—A new volume of Miss Agnes Repplier's essays, "In the Dozy Hours, and Other Papers," is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is pleasant to know that such good literature as Miss Repplier writes has a commercial as well as a literary value, and that her little books are in constant demand.

—Mr. W. J. Linton, who is equally well known as author and wood-engraver, has written a volume of recollections called "Threescore Years and Ten" (1820-90), which the Scribners have in press. During this period Mr. Linton lived both in England, which is his home, and in America, in close intercourse with most of the interesting people of the day, so that the book promises to be one of anecdote and reminiscence that is something more than gossip.

—"My Lady Rotha," a story of the Thirty Years War, by Stanley J. Weyman, will be published next week by Longmans, Green & Co.

—An interesting volume in the Badminton library will be on "Dancing," by Mrs. Lilly Grove, a lady who has been giving a series of interesting lectures on this subject in London, which she illustrated by giving the dances of all times and countries herself. Mrs. Grove expects to lecture in the United States this fall and winter.

—Mr. Crawford's story, "Love in Idleness," will be profusely illustrated with reproductions from photographs of actual scenes at Bar Harbor.

—In *The Critic's* notice of his death last week, the statement was made that Mr. Eugene Lawrence "graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1841." This should have been the *University* of the City of New York, writes a subscriber.

—From the *Nuova Antologia* we learn that M. Camille Saint-Saëns has published in Paris a volume called "Problème et Mystères."

—In the review of Tom Hall's "When Hearts Are Trumps," in *The Critic* of Aug. 4, protest was made against the expression "knickerbockered knees," which, though it may be harsh, is otherwise unobjectionable. Mr. Hall wrote "knickerbocked," and so did the protesting reviewer; but the printer knew better.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish at once Part II. of "Social England," continuing the narrative to the death of Henry VII.

—The Putnam's are preparing a limited edition of Horace Walpole's "Memoirs of the Reign of King George the Third." Only 260 copies will be offered for sale in America, 25 of them with proofs of the illustrations on India-paper. The edition will contain 16 portraits in photogravure, mostly from paintings never before reproduced. These Memoirs were first published by Sir Denis Lemarchant, Bart., and are now re-edited by G. F. Russell Barker. Another holiday book in the Putnam Press is Irving's "Sketch-Book"—the Van Tassel Edition, uniform with the holiday editions of "The Alhambra," "Granada" and "Knickerbocker." The two volumes will be printed from new type, with portraits and 32 illustrations.

—A new edition of Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence" is coming from the Macmillans in September, in four volumes intended for separate distribution, one each being devoted to Dante, Savonarola, the Castle Builders and the Piagnoni painters.

—Mr. John Codman Ropes, author of "The Army under Pope" and "The Campaign of Waterloo," has written for the Putnam's "The Story of the Civil War," which is to be completed in three octavo volumes, each complete in itself, with maps and battle plans. Mr. Ropes's MS. is printed in bold, clear type, and bound in plain, strong binding before going to the publisher. This is an expensive luxury, which few authors can afford, but it must be a delight to the printer, no less than to the manuscript reader. These manuscript volumes are printed from type, not plates, and different type is used by the publisher in printing the book.

—"The Altar of Earth" is an English story by a new writer, of which Mr. Heinemann is the London publisher. Its American publishers, the Putnam's, consider that it is the work of an author with a bright future.

—Some years ago a novel called "A Village Tragedy" was published in England, the author of which was Mrs. M. C. Woods. The book attracted a good deal of attention, but failed in gaining popularity, owing to its unpleasant ending. Mrs. Humphry Ward is said to have remarked, after reading the book, that, if a great novel of English country-life was to be written, Mrs. Woods would be its author. For some time it seemed as though Mrs. Woods would not venture again into literature, but she has at last done so, and the result is a novel called "The Vagabonds," which Macmillan & Co. will soon publish.

—Macmillan & Co. have in press a "History of Rome to the Battle of Actium," by Evelyn Shirley Shuckburgh, M.A. The book is founded throughout on the ancient authorities, whose names are placed at the end of each chapter, as likely to be useful to students.

—Diana Clifford Kimber, Assistant Superintendent of the New York City Training School at Blackwell's Island, has compiled a "Text-Book of Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses," which Macmillan & Co. will soon publish. The author has spent several years and much trouble in preparing notes on this subject for class-teaching, and now has put them into shape, believing that they may prove useful in schools.

—Miss Anna Fuller has almost ready for publication by the Putnam's "Peak and Prairie: From a Colorado Sketch-Book." Her "Literary Courtship," by the way, has been one of the best-selling stories of the last two or three years. People have appreciated its conciseness and gentle humor.

—Mr. William C. Howells, father of Mr. W. D. Howells, the author, died at Jefferson, Ohio, on Tuesday, at the age of eighty-eight years. For twenty-five years he edited the *Ashtabula* (O.) *Sentinel*, and for ten had charge of the *Hamilton* (O.) *Intelligencer*. He served in the Ohio Senate in 1864-65; in 1874 became Consul at Quebec, and four years later at Toronto, where he remained five years.

—Mr. Du Maurier is said to be engaged upon a third novel, which will be finished in the course of a year, and will first see the light in *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Du Maurier, by the way, will be surprised to learn from the September *Current Literature*, that "in the thirties" he was "a small American child," and lived near Union Square, New York. He will be even more surprised to learn that he, "the young American, at the age of twelve, went to London." Mr. Du Maurier, as well as the rest of the world, has been laboring under the impression that he was born in Paris, but Mr. Edmund Picton makes an American of him. While we should be delighted to claim Mr. Du Maurier as a fellow-countryman, we do not, in the light of facts, see how we can do so.




—Mr. George Haven Putnam has received the degree of M. A. from Bowdoin College, an honor which the same institution paid to his father and his grandfather before him.

—A volume of selected poems of Sidney Lanier is announced by the Scribners. It will be edited, with introduction and notes, by Morgan Calloway, Jr., whose intention it is to introduce Lanier's poems to "wider circles than hitherto," especially among the students of high schools and colleges. The introduction will give a sketch of Lanier's life and a critical study of his poetry, and there will be a complete bibliography and a portrait.

### Publications Received

Bailey, L. H. *Annals of Horticulture*. \$1.  
Bangs, J. K. *The Water Ghost, and Other Stories*. \$1.25.  
Doyle, A. C. *Micah Clarke*.  
Doyle, A. C. *Micah Clarke (Adapted for School Use)*. 50c.  
Fiske, J. *History of the United States*.  
Flower, B. O. *The New Time*. 25c.  
Poster, G. E. *Cherokee Literature*.  
Irish, F. V. *Treasured Thoughts*.  
Janvier, T. V. *In Old New York*.  
Jokal, M. *Eyes Like the Sea*. Trl. by R. N. Bain. \$1.  
Orange Judd Co. Harper & Bros.  
Harper & Bros.  
Longmans, Green & Co. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Arena Pub. Co.  
Boston: G. E. Littlefield.  
Columbus, O.: F. V. Irish. Harper & Bros.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

King, Rufus, *Life and Correspondence of*. Ed. by C. R. King. Vol. I. \$5.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Harper & Bros.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Longmans, Green & Co.  
Rand, McNally & Co.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Macmillan & Co.  
Harper & Bros.  
Longmans, Green & Co.  
Lee & Shepard.  
Ward, Lock & Bowden.  
Monroe, K. *The Fur-Seal's Tooth*.  
P., G. H. *The Artificial Mother*.  
Platt, S. *Poems*. 2 vols. \$3.50.  
Ponslevi, P. *Magdalena*.  
Putnam-Jacobi, M. *Found and Lost*. 50c.  
Scout, W. *Count Robert of Paris*. \$1.25.  
Spofford, A. P. *A Scarlet Poppy, and Other Stories*.  
Stuart-Wortley, V. J. *The Grouse*. \$1.75.  
Tomlinson, E. T. *The Search for Andrew Field*. \$1.50.  
Turner, E. S. *Seven Little Australians*. \$1.  
Williams, F. H. *Walt Whitman as Deliverer*.  
Phila.: Walt Whitman Fellowship Papers: 4.



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### To Publishers!

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## The Critic

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